26-11.24

Central BAPTIST
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

KANSAS CITY, KANSAS

Lilian Gilt

OCT 24 1951

THE STORY
OF THE
Catholic Church

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/storyofcatholicc0000cuth_l7x1

IE
W93

(THE) STORY OF THE Catholic Church

BY CUTHBERT WRIGHT

ALBERT & CHARLES BONI
NEW YORK :: MCMXXVI

1926

LIBRARY
CENTRAL BAPTIST SEMINARY
KANSAS CITY 2, KANSAS

Copyright, 1926, by Albert & Charles Boni, Inc.

Manufactured in the United States of America

282
W948

To T. F. EVANS

20268

Contents

Origins [30-1000]

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	Jesus	11
II.	Paul	21
III.	Down to Earth	27
IV.	Organization	36
V.	Christ and Cæsar	47
VI.	Heresy	54
VII.	Monasticism	68

The Consummation [1000-1300]

VIII.	The Mirage	81
IX.	The Catholic Church and the Feudal State	87
X.	The Apocalypse of Saint Louis	104
XI.	The Century of Saint Louis	114
XII.	Of Art and the Church	124

The Catastrophe [1300-1800]

XIII.	Decadence	143
XIV.	Gerson	153
XV.	The Borgias	163
XVI.	Luther	174
XVII.	Ecclesia Anglicana	183
XVIII.	Loyala	190
XIX.	The Last Crusade	197

Contents

CHAPTER		PAGE
XX.	The White Plume	209
XXI.	Grandeur and Decline of the Gallican Church	221
XXII.	Ninety-Three	232

Modern Times [1800-1918]

XXIII.	Romanticism	247
XXIV.	Ultramontanism	254
XXV.	Modernism	263
XXVI.	1914	271
XXVII.	The Catholic Church in America	275
	Unto this Last	287
	Appendix: On the Liturgy	295
	Glossary of Ecclesiastical Terms	301
	Chronological Table	313
	Bibliography	315

Origins

[30-1000]

THE STORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

CHAPTER I

JESUS

THE Christian Church, which even Protestants still like to call "Catholic," * is said to have been founded about 30 A.D. by Jesus of Nazareth, an obscure Syrian peasant, a Jew, who suffered a violent death at the hands of his more respectable coreligionists. This being has probably provoked more written controversy than any other historic personage, but in plain matter of fact, there is singularly little to be known about him. So little, indeed, that there are those whose studies have led them to deny that he has ever existed.

But why speak of books and the controversies of scholars? This name, Jesus, has for nineteen centuries been the dominating fact in the civilization of the western hemisphere. It remains the still acknowledged center of the elaborate religious radiations which the man Jesus is said to have set in motion. Everywhere in Europe, Asia, America, on the desolate Russian steppe, in the undulant In-

* "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church" . . . words used in the service of most Protestant bodies.

dies, in the heart of the African jungle and the Australian veldt, under the elms of white New England townships, and even in the closed and jealous empires of the far Orient, rises that shameful and resplendent symbol of his which the first Christian emperor saw in the evening clouds. The most remote and primitive human group is always first indicated to the traveler by its belfry and its cross. One church is within sound of another, and so on to the extreme limits of the Occident. Often it is the only thing that remains over from the past. In a community all new, or in one newly reconstructed from the devastations of war, it is always the first edifice to rise. In the graveyards that cluster under the shade of each belfry it is the same thing. "Each dead man," says a French writer, "brandishes above his tomb the one symbol as if to recall the compact which has assured him his immortality." All else has perished; even his own body has become indistinguishable from the dead earth which forms his grave; only the Church remains and above his dust the Cross. They proclaim that on this one essential point—the worship of a god in human form—all those vanished generations, knowing nothing of us or of each other, have agreed.

The history of the West from the fall of Rome has sprung from a single generating fact—Jesus. He is in European history what the writer of Revelation saw him in vision, alpha and omega, the

beginning and the end. For his sake men have loved and also hated each other; they have run through the whole gamut of human passions from the ferocious egoism of the brutes to the most absolute self-surrender. For him they have made the Crusades, built the basilicas of France and Italy, edified the *Summa* of Saint Thomas, composed the balsamic chants of the Middle Ages. On him has at times depended the destiny of science, beauty, reason. He was and still is the cornerstone in the structure of occidental society. A child, helpless in the arms of his mother, is, without his own knowledge, promised to Jesus, baptized in his name. And ever afterward it is impossible for him to efface the mystical brand. "Once a Catholic, always one." Even should he become the enemy of Jesus he will be so with an inevitable constraint. In the order of ideas, to sum up, Christ is more than great; he is incommensurable.

In the order of actual facts he shrinks almost to nothingness. When the believer tests him by the light of his time and country he is singularly reduced in measure. Such a test can be made by any one granted the requisite honesty, the refusal to be dazzled by preconceived ideas.

In considering Jesus as an historic person, the first difficulty one encounters is the total absence of all references to him in the writings of contemporaries even of his own race. The best informed

of them, Josephus, might have mentioned him, but refrained from doing so, ostensibly because Josephus had never heard of him. To the early Christians this anomaly appeared so regrettable that Christian hands added to the text of Josephus a celebrated passage which he who runs may read. Sandwiched naïvely between an account of the cruelties of Pilate toward the Jews and one of their banishment from Rome by Tiberius, occurs the following:

". . . Thus ended the revolt. *And at this time appeared Jesus, a wise man if indeed he can be called a man. He accomplished marvelous things, was the master of men who receive the truth gladly, and drew many Jews and Greeks after him. He was the Christ. And the sect which received the name of Christian from him still exists.*

"In the same days another terrible misfortune fell on the Jews. . . ."

Never was a pious fraud introduced with less cunning. Had Josephus written that, it is obvious that he would have been a Christian, and as he was not a Christian, it is obvious that he did not write it.

Among the Gentile contemporaries of the historic Jesus are Pliny the Younger, Tacitus and Suetonius. All three have mentioned him, but only vaguely, and from hearsay, as the founder of an obscure and toublesome sect.

There remain, believers will tell us, the four Gospels as irrefutable witnesses to the fact that Jesus was historic. They are considered as having been written by eye-witnesses of Christ's ministry; two of the writers are said to have been his immediate followers. Unfortunately, it is no longer easy to believe that the writers of the Gospel were eye-witnesses or immediate disciples. The Gospels were not even begun till after the first Christian age was over. The oldest of them was written at least twenty years after the Letters of Saint Paul. Only by faith can we accept the authenticity of the Gospels, or even the authenticity of a single line of them.*

The thing which renders the Gospels so suspect to critics of revealed Christianity is not so much the element of inconsistency or improbability, the element of miracle; it is the striking parallelism between the drama of the Incarnation as set forth therein and certain Hebrew texts composed before the Christian era and familiar to us in the Old Testament. The Scripture has a way of getting fulfilled in the most suspiciously convenient manner. The most trivial events are constantly occurring for no reason except to corroborate the Prophets. It is a case of the long arm of coincidence on a vast and sacred scale. Thus Jesus enters Jerusalem seated on an ass because he had

* "I should not believe in the Gospels," said Saint Augustin, "if I did not have the authority of the Church for doing so."

already been so seen in the Book of Zachariah. He is sold for thirty pieces of silver, this being the sum mentioned in the same Prophet. Moreover, this money is used, both in Prophecy and Gospel, for the same purpose—to buy a potter's field. They part his garments in Matthew, having already parted them in the twenty-second Psalm. It is useless to multiply these instances; they are too numerous. Sometimes the pious writer goes so far as to put into Christ's mouth expressions which are textually identical with words composed for the Prophecies or the Psalms centuries before.*

Such instances are sufficient to indicate that the Evangelists had only to arrange in narrative form the touching drama found all ready for use in the sacred literature of their nation. As for the Fourth Gospel it only serves to show how their efforts, full of inconsistencies and naïvetés, could be corrected and synthesized by a cultivated Greek theologian with the gift of style.

But (it may be said) Jesus must have existed historically, else why the relatively realistic portrait of him in the Gospels, a portrait possessing recognizable human characteristics and bearing a human name? To this question the foremost critics of Christ's historicity are ready with several ingenious explanations. The latter fall into two classes, but one and the other are alike based upon

*The whole drama of the Passion seems constructed on the scenario, so to speak, of Psalm XXII.

the alleged existence of a pre-Christian myth of Christ which the first organizers of Christianity had only to add in order to crown the dubious edifice they had already begun.

(1) The German scholar, Kalthoff, following the indications already laid down by Bauer, postulated the existence at Rome of two elements making for social revolution in a religious disguise—the Gentile proletariat and the Jewish Messianic movement with its old hope of a Savior to redeem Israel. The feeling which had provoked the revolt under the gladiator, Spartacus, in 74 B.C. had never changed, but its chiefs knew by hard experience that it was useless to oppose themselves to the disciplined force of the legions, hence they were biding their time, and in so doing they found a stimulus in the aspirations of the Jews. Israel had known well, during several centuries, the proper attitude to adopt in the face of oppression, namely, that of passive resistance which sometimes leads to emancipation. In short, according to Kalthoff, Christianity issued from a social movement, anterior to the Gospels, anterior also to the touching figure which it created expressly to incarnate its own obscure sufferings and aspirations.

(2) The second theory explaining the invention of Jesus is more fascinating, and is largely the work of three Anglo-Saxon scholars, Robertson, Benjamin Smith and Arthur Drews. The last considers Jesus (Joshua) to have been a Pales-

tinian sun god taken over bodily by the first Christians, and transformed by them into the human personage presented to us in the Gospels. His myth is entirely cosmopolitan; it owes much to Jewish sources, but also to Greek and even to Egyptian ones. He is Hermes, the good messenger and good shepherd; he is also the demigod Jason (The Greek name for Jesus) who has twelve companions; above all he is Adonis, for Christianity makes its first notable successes in that region of Asia Minor where the lover of Venus was already adored with strange and poetic rites. When Christ proclaims in the Apocalypse that he is *alpha* and *omega* he tells us simply that he is Adonis, for the two letters A and O express the name of this god. Bethlehem, the Savior's reputed birthplace, was a seat of the Adonaic cult. But the true background of the Christ-legend is the great solar myth which, from the beginning, dominated the religious imagination of the Orient. The entire history of the Savior, the Son of God made man, is nothing but the long voyage of the sun through the zodiac from his birth in the winter solstice to his death and resurrection in the Spring. If further proof were needed that Christianity in its origins was merely a synthesis of pre-Christian myths, it may be added that the Egyptian sun-god Horus was also born of a virgin, announced by a star, recognized at the age of thirty, contended with Satan on a mountain, fished with a miraculous net, fed the multitude

with seven loaves, summoned twelve apostles, and was called the Good Shepherd, the Lamb, etc.

These and similarly destructive conclusions have been made a hundred times, but, strange to say, even the most radical of those scholars who do accept the historicity of Jesus have persisted in a supplementary conclusion which does not necessarily hold water. This can best be summed up in the words of Loisy, who confessed that "in the year 1894 he was able to accept only one portion of the Christian creed, namely, that one Jesus had been crucified under Pontius Pilate." That at least was certain according to M. Loisy. Expanded a little, this means that he, the most thorough and uncompromising of biblical critics, believed in 1894 that in the first part of the principate of Tiberius an obscure Jewish agitator did make sufficient stir as to suffer death under Roman law. Armed with this hypothesis, the celebrated Ernest Renan wrote a picturesque realistic novel still well known as *La Vie de Jesus* which is not half so much the history of Jesus as it is the history of Renan. The Jesus of the great Frenchman is a Syrian aristocrat who seems singularly conversant with the moral and political problems of 1863. He would have been very much at home at the fireside of Michelet or in the salon of Madame Sand. It is magnificent but it *is* art, and illustrates the undeniable superiority of art over nature. Others in our day have added a Marxian color to the fairy

story. Two Americans, Bouck White and Upton Sinclair, have, I am sure with sincere conviction, given us a Jesus who shares in all the political preoccupations of Mr. Eugene V. Debs.

And all these people, whether skeptics or socialists, are working from a conception which is, from the standpoint of facts and proofs, so much thin air. There is not a scrap of *evidence,* in any accepted sense of the word, to justify the common conception of an historic Jesus. It is not even enough to say with Loisy: "I know nothing of him save that he existed." One must say courageously: I know nothing of him, not even his existence. There is no document which proves positively, I will not say that he was God, but even that he was ever man.

That is the initial problem which, if not stated and faced, renders any history of the Church which he founded incomplete and almost unnecessary. How is it that an obscure Jew, the very existence of whom is questionable, has been transformed into the alpha and omega of medieval history, the great god of the Occident?

The foregoing should be read merely as an exposition of the case against the existence of the historic Christ. It does not represent the author's own opinion, which will become quite obvious if the reader is so patient as to continue the book. It is his belief that the approach to Christ can never be made through dates and documents, since there are none of a thoroughly satisfactory nature. The edition of Josephus recently discovered in Russia may contain insertions fully as misleading as the one quoted above.

In this connexion it is only fair to add the orthodox Catholic position regarding the testimony of the four Gospels. The Church holds that the Gospels are genuine historical documents, (2) that they contain no substantial emendations or deletions, (3) that they prove not only the historicity but also the divinity of Jesus.

CHAPTER II

PAUL

THE Letters of Saint Paul form the earliest testimony we possess to the existence of Christianity. They have a start of at least twenty years on even the first of the four Gospels.

Their author was, at any rate, an historic person, that is to say, we have as much positive information regarding him as we have regarding Shakespeare, which, to be sure, is not a great deal. In the year 51–52 A.D., Claud being Emperor, L. Junius Gallio, Seneca's brother, being procurator of Achaia, a man calling himself Paul addressed to the Christians of Thessalonica a letter which is the oldest extant document in which the name of Jesus occurs. It occurs side by side with the name of God.

"Paulus . . . to the assembly of Thessalonicans in God our Father and the Lord Jesus, the Christ. . . ."

This grammatical relationship between God and Jesus is reasserted more forcibly a little later on:

"May He our God and our Lord Jesus direct our way toward you. . . ."

The absence of a plural form in the English subjunctive makes for ambiguity, but there is no ambiguity in the Greek.* The verb "direct" remains singular, indicating that its substantive is not two persons but one person. In the vocabulary of Paul God and Jesus do not make a plural; God and Jesus are one.

Paul is writing two decades, at the very most, after the Crucifixion. Yet this God-Man of his by whom all things were made, belongs evidently to a far different order of ideas from the obscure Hebrew agitator whose real existence is guaranteed us by M. Loisy.

Of course the deification of a man, even during his lifetime, was nothing new in 52 A.D. It was in that year or thereabouts that the Empress Agrippina induced the senate to confer godhead upon her husband Claud, a poor lymphatic creature who never opened his mouth except to talk nonsense. Deified men were as common as thieves in Asia Minor; they very often *were* thieves.

But there was one nation at least where the thing was impossible, and that was among the Jews. They had a unique God, Yahveh, a god formless, indivisible, whose image they dared not trace, whose very secret name they dared not invoke. To

* Paul, of course, wrote in Greek. We have, moreover, the high authority of Mr. H. G. Wells that his Greek was very good.

associate with that awful deity, still more to identify with Him, a human being was to the Hebrew mind the last abomination. No one has ever been more venerated by his people than Moses, but as someone has said, the Jews would have suffered themselves to be hacked to pieces rather than admit that Moses was a god. Their long expected Savior was reckoned to come from the household of David; he was not, and could not be, the Son of the Most High.

Paul was a Jew. More than that, he belonged by origin to the strictest of Jewish sects. And that is the supreme miracle beside which the ones in the Gospel are bagatelles. In his Letters he is speaking of another Jew, living in flesh and blood, a few years before, whom he, Paul, might have known. And this second Jew, having a human name, as common in 52 A.D. as it is to-day in the Mexican Bad Lands,—

"Existed in the form of God,
But drew no advantage from being the
equal of God.
He emptied himself,
And took upon him the form of a slave,
And was made in the likeness of men. . .
Therefore God hath highly exalted him,
And given him a name above all other
names;

That at the name of Jesus every knee
should bow,
Of things in heaven,
And things in earth,
And things under the earth,
And that every tongue should confess
That Jesus Christ is Lord,
To the glory of God the Father. . . ."

Let him explain, who can, how a monotheist from the most monotheistic people in history, a Jewish tentmaker of Cilicia, dared to apply these tremendous words to his contemporary, a Jewish adventurer of Galilee. The intellectual energy of scholars has been wasted for centuries upon dates and miracles, but I fail to see that they have so much as touched the enigma of Paul's conversion which seems to me the crux of the whole Christian problem.

For it is an enigma—this deification of a Jew by another Jew—an unsurmountable enigma, unless . . .

Unless we choose to accept the orthdox account, and ascribe the conversion of Paul and his organization of the Catholic Church to a direct experience. If we do so accept it, the metaphysic and philosophy which Paul gave the infant Church in the name of Jesus becomes credible, almost rational. That metaphysic and philosophy, the super-

structure, so to speak, of Christianity we will consider in the next chapter. For the moment it is enough to point out one fact. Hardly ever does Paul evoke eye witnesses or circumstantial evidence to corroborate the positive creed he is preaching in the name of Jesus Christ. One could read through the Epistles from cover to cover and scarcely be reminded a single time that Jesus actually existed in time and space a few years earlier. "What difference does it make," says Paul in effect, "whether Jesus was or was not? Jesus *is*. What are the odds whether he was the son of Mary or the son of Joseph, or the 'son' of David or even the Son of God! He *is* God. And the proof that he is God is uniquely in that flash of illumination which blinded me on the road to Damascus, in that voice, never heard perhaps on Galilean land or sea: 'I am Jesus whom thou persecutest.' "

I have not made myself clear thus far if I have failed to indicate that the shoulders of Jesus, as he is commonly seen by well-meaning modernists, are far too frail to have borne even the crushing witness of Paul's Letters, let alone the weight of the whole Christian fabric. It is not a mere man, the obscure proletarian of M. Loisy or the accomplished Hegelian of Renan or the reasonable communist of Mr. Bernard Shaw, who can explain the fact of the Catholic Church, or even the fact of Paul. It is to put a very low estimate on the

Christian faith to regard it as the mere progressive deification of a man, especially a man whose very existence cannot be proved. Either Jesus was the living God, as he was experienced in trance by his chief Apostle, or he is nothing. Either we must see him with the eyes of faith, or he is inconceivable.

CHAPTER III

DOWN TO EARTH

It was Paul who gave the Church its doctrine, its philosophy. This he promulgated up and down Asia Minor in rapid and repeated journeys to Jerusalem, Macedon, classic Hellas at Athens, where he preached on the Acropolis, and finally to Rome, where he disappears from history. The last word we have of him is from the entertaining author of *The Acts of the Apostles* who recounts with a capital bourgeois touch that "he dwelt two years in his own hired house and received all that came in to him." It is probable that he perished in the first imperial persecution of Christians under Nero. Roman Catholics venerate him as one of the two apostolic organizers of the Church at Rome, and have erected a stately church, still outside the walls, on the site of his supposed execution.

Paul has been reproached by certain non-Christian writers for deforming the thought of Jesus, for compressing in an iron theology the joyous and divine moderation of the Gospels. Two men of genius, Mr. Shaw and Mr. George Moore, better equipped as romantic artists than qualified

as scholars, have taken a special delight in denouncing this pretended opposition between "Christianity" and the religion of Paul. But, as we have shown, there is no opposition at all in the sense that they mean, since the only authority we have for what Jesus actually thought is in the Gospels, and the latter are posterior to the Letters of Paul by at least two decades. The Gospels are an afterthought, a narrative commentary embroidered on the bold metaphysic of Paul; the latter cannot be said to contradict what did not previously exist.

Only the barest outline can be given here of the Christian philosophy as formulated by Paul in his apocalyptic manner. He was one, he said, who owed much to the barbarian and also to the Greek, and there is more of the former than the latter in his prose.

The essence of the Pauline theology is contained in certain articles later called "the symbol of the Apostles," and still later expanded into the Nicene Creed.

> I believe in God . . .
> And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God . . .
> Who for us men and for our salvation,
> Came down from heaven,
> And was incarnate by the Spirit of the Virgin Mary,

And was made man.
He was crucified for us under Pontius
Pilate . . .
And the third day he rose again. . . .

The first four strophes, at any rate, would have been corroborated by Paul. They summarize well enough the radiating fact in his theology—the voluntary action on the part of a God-Man which, in some mysterious fashion, "saved" man.

When we ask from what occult doom or blight we have been delivered centuries before our proper existence, we encounter little in modern religious teaching which is able to enlighten us. The Church, for the most part, has been content to state the Redemption as a formula without attempting to justify it as a reality. Most people feel neither the consciousness of having been saved, nor for that matter, any particular need of salvation. They are misled on one side by the credulity of M. Loisy and on the other by the formalism of their religious teachers. Having been told by the latter that they have been "saved" (it doesn't much matter from what) they are then informed by M. Loisy and his friends that this salvation took place in Palestine under the principate of Tiberius at precisely three o'clock in the afternoon. After that there is only one obvious retort to be made by the man in the street: "What has it to do with me? It was before

I was born." But the man in the street does not realize, with Saint Paul, nineteen centuries before Einstein, that, so far as God is concerned, time does not exist.

And then there is the instinct called the universal human conscience which has assailed the insensibility even of the man in the street. One thing at least the practice of psychoanalysis has accomplished; it has restored "original sin" to more than its original place in the drama of the human soul. A few years ago this quaint doctrine was relegated to the limbo of horsehair Calvinism. Now, thanks to the studies of Dr. Freud and his disciples, original sin has been revealed as something so much more ghastly in its nature and devastation than man's first disobedience and its fruit, that even quite soft and voluptuous people will allow themselves to be crucified mentally in secret clinics for years at a time in order to get rid of it. People feel that Calvinists are inhuman because they condemn little children to damnation before they are born, and so they are inhuman, Calvinists being, in this respect, quite modern and nicely scientific in their trend. In a word, they are not Christians, but determinists. Christians know that little children *are* condemned, sometimes prenatally, and so do psychoanalysts. But neither condemn them forever; the psychoanalyst believes in the efficacy of his processes plus the human will; the Christian

adds the love and the grace of God. When we realize this proposition we can understand how singularly modern are Paul's metaphysics; how they square with the most recent and intelligent human experience. Mr. Shaw says that Paul's trouble was sex, but a greater than Mr. Shaw has shown us that in this obsession Paul is not alone. Whatever the Apostle meant by the "sin" from which the action of Christ has presumably saved us, it corresponded to something not only in his consciousness, but also in everyone's.

Toward the middle of the eighteenth century Rousseau muddled this issue, which is perfectly clear and self-evident, by introducing an airy affirmation to the effect that everyone is born good. Rousseau who, of all people in the world, should have understood frustration, ascribed "man's first disobedience and his fall" to poverty or ill-health or clothes or the government of Louis Quinze. To us this romanticism has all the faded charm of an old print or a lost cause. The children of our time are at least wise enough in their generation to have become quite Pauline in their point of departure; it is only their diverging paths which are so widely asunder. We are desperately wicked, or desperately miserable (which amounts to the same thing), because, as Paul would have said, we have not put off the old Adam which clothed us when we were born, and even before. Both the Chris-

tian and the Freudian are united in believing that this original evil can be overcome, stripped from the being like a garment. But the Freudian prefers a succession of tortuous mental crucifixions, and the Christian benefits (perhaps without comprehending) by the crucifixion of Christ. It is only the Calvinist who is so impressed by the prenatal flaw, justly called original sin, that he ends by denying altogether the valor of the human will coöperating with the grace of God.

This grace, in the Christian scheme of things, is conveyed in various ways, but most essentially in a process of which Paul gives the following summary:

> I received of the Lord
> And deliver it to you;
> That the Lord Jesus the night in which he was betrayed,
> Took bread,
> And blessing it broke it,
> And said: Take, eat; this is My Body which is broken for you.
> Do this
> In remembrance of Me.*

The redeeming action of Christ, perpetuated in the timeless sacrifice of the Mass, seems to me the basis of the whole Christian theology from which

* Cor. I, XI.

all the rest logically, and for the most part reasonably, proceeds.

It was not until a period comprised between the year 80 and the year 135 that the Gospels were at length composed. It does not matter much which of them came first. The first three, usually called the Synoptic Gospels, had among their sources a kind of anthology of Christ's sayings and parables handed on from one to another obscure evangelist.* The Gospel of John, written by a very different sort of man and for a different *milieu,* seems deeply affected by the Neoplatonic theology which flourished at Alexandria. It is thought by several scholars to be a Gnostic book edited by Catholic hands.

In the Gospels, the ineffable being, hypostasis of the one God, who haunted the imagination of Paul, becomes at last the "lean and strenuous" personality who has supplied Messrs. Shaw, Moore and Wells with so many and conflicting conjectures. The redemption of mankind is considered to have taken place in Palestine about forty years prior to the destruction of Jerusalem. By the middle of the second century the Gospels have been accepted by the Catholic cult as the one authentic witness to the historicity of its founder, and are cited by

* Known as Q from the initial letter of the German word *Quelle* (source).

St. Justin Martyr as the "memoirs of the Apostles."

By a sort of caprice, the full significance of which is not clear, the early Church accepted, as an authoritative canon, *four* records of Christ's existence only, thereby rejecting several others which contain matter fully as interesting as anything to be found in Matthew or Mark. Sentences like the following from a lost Hebrew Gospel are finer than much in the Synoptics:—

"Whosoever grieves the spirit of his brother commits the greatest sin."

"The seeker shall not rest till he find that which he seeks, but when he has found it, he shall wonder, and when he has wondered, he shall be master and when he is master, he shall find rest."

Whether they be memoirs or retrospective "prophesyings," the Gospels have a sovereign charm which no one with the slightest feeling for human character or language can ignore. The Spirit, third Person of the Trinity, who is believed to have inspired them, must also be that deity who presides at the genesis of all living art. The Fourth Gospel, in particular, containing the opening ode to the Logos, the poem of the Good Shepherd, the matchless prayer of Jesus at the Last Supper, is a work, in certain respects, unsurpassed in world literature.

Only it is necessary to take the Gospels for what

they are, that is as testimony written long after a postulated event. There was a Christian society, a church in existence before its members conceived the idea of inscribing their papers of identification. To regard the Gospels as the point of departure will involve one in all sorts of inextricable confusions; there lies the road to error, Protestantism, heresy, what you will, and the end of it all is the mere prettiness of M. Renan or the icy negations of M. Loisy. Christ was conceived as a god by the founders of the faith long before its evangelists defined him as an historic man. He is a god humanized; not a man deified. He is the climax of a long work of generation in the minds of men, commencing as early as the feudal age in Egypt and culminating at last in the explosion of mystical experiences of which the conversion of Paul is only one. He is not so much the initiator of a cult as the object of a cult. He is not the preacher but the God preached. He is not the *marabout;* he is Allah. The Gospels are not the departure of this mythos; they are the faulty completion of it.

Christ was a spiritual being, and was so regarded by the Church till the propagation of the Gospels as historic memoirs. I do not attempt to discuss here the nature of spiritual beings. The history of the Church is all I can undertake at this time. It is in a sense His history also, for He has no other definitive biography.

CHAPTER IV

ORGANIZATION

It used to be a common standpoint among agnostics of a fanciful and determined type, the organization of the primitive Church being so veiled in uncertainty, that it was, on the whole, simpler (and more annoying to the orthodox) to assert that the primitive Church had no organization at all. This was often said; it is still said; and there was a time when I believed it myself. The position of such critics was summarized in language something like this:—

The Catholic Church did not spring into being fully accoutered like Minerva from the head of Jove. Jesus, its reputed founder, was an ignorant Syrian artisan who merely developed a Messianic monomania, never imagining that he would be later taken up as the head of a new religion. He was killed before he even conceived of organizing his followers into a definite sect. These followers, acting on his assurance that he would come again during their lifetime, did, however, form a loose sort of fraternal society, rather like the Ethical Culture Movement, and indulged in an orgy of revivalism,

inspirational teaching, social service, and sweetness and light in general. There was no hard-and-fast government, and, of course, no sacraments in the later significance of the term. Naturally, dissensions rose among the various culturists calling themselves Christian, and it was only by luck, or, rather, by a wave of snobbery, that the sect denominated Catholic rose to a position in which it could exterminate its rivals. An oriental Cæsar selected the Catholic cult as a kind of palace-pet, imposed it by force upon the decadent Roman world as a State-Church, and killed off its competitors. It then fortified its position by inventing various pious prevarications; apostolic succession and the primacy of the pope and this and that sacramental mystery cribbed from the Greeks; and thus was equipped for its short-lived domination over men's wills and affections during the dark Middle Ages. Take it or leave it, this version; it contains, at any rate, a plausible sequence of events which the orthodox version utterly fails to provide. The latter smacks too much of the miraculous element, and miracles have nothing to do with history.

Since I fully agree with this last sentence I propose to show that nothing could be more miraculous than the version of the Church's origin I have just summarized tested in the light of source and record, to say nothing of human probabilities and common sense. This chapter will necessarily be the dullest

of my narrative, since it involves an immense amount of digging and delving into records to please the people who are enormously impressed by such things as dates and documents. And having no talent for conjecture or controversy, I may be pardoned by the reader if I stick to the barest outline of facts. In attacking so plausible a position as the one above outlined, plausibility, indeed, is not enough. The position is simple and logical and complete and all things in fact, but one, and that is it is not true.

In principio erat Verbum. To begin with the beginning, then, the undoubted founder of Christianity was Christ. It seems an obvious enough truism, but to hear many people, one would suppose the founder of Christianity to have been Saint Peter or Paul of Tarsus or the Life-Force or the Will to Believe or some unknown Essene monk. A great deal of far-fetched patter has been talked concerning the religion of Jesus and the religion about Jesus. It is the trump card in the popular Modernist pack, the religion of Jesus being anything you happen to like in the Gospels, and the religion about him a Pauline corruption, anti-Jesuist, anti-Christ. One cannot open a book by some highly accomplished moralist like Mr. Shaw or Mr. H. G. Wells without being reminded that Christ never intended to found anything, most certainly not the Church afterward organized in

his name. An individualist par excellence, he came to save individuals by a highly impractical system of personal morality based upon love. Attractive as this theory is, it does not square with the figure of Christ as presented in the Gospels, and I suppose that no one would deny that the Gospels are records, however tardy and obscure. I myself have dismissed them as useless in any discussion of Christ as a historic personage. Once grant, however, that Christ did live, and the Gospels at once become interesting as showing us what early Christians thought about him and what elements of his teaching they put into regular practice. They are not, in short, the first link in the chain, but they are a link and a highly important one.

In the Gospels the word "church" (ecclesia) is employed twice by Christ, the first time in the celebrated commission to Peter: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." In the Gospels, Christ is represented as providing for the extension of his Church, first by sending out his twelve elect as missionaries, then by sending seventy converts on the same mission. Say that all this is fraudulent interpolation, and one is still faced with the improbability that even an unbalanced young Nazarene dervish, anticipating an impending death and an early end of the world, would not lift a finger to propagate his illusions as exten-

sively and effectively as possible before the evil days. At all events this is what happened. Christianity appears to have existed already in north Palestinian centers, like Antioch and Cæsarea when, on the disappearance of their master, Peter and his comrades found themselves the nucleus of a Christian church at Jerusalem.

The Apostles do not exactly overwhelm the onlooker with the spiritual fascination and charm which emanated from Jesus, and, consequently, *The Acts of the Apostles,* the document which continues the Christian story where the Gospels leave it off, strikes one as an anti-climax up to the moment when both matter and style are heightened into drama by the apparition of Paul. The Jerusalem Apostles seem to have been simple and inferior men, for the most part, slow, unimaginative and routineer. But it is absurd to say, with Mr. Shaw, that the Apostles, on being left to themselves, canceled Jesus and went back to John the Baptist, and a glance through the Gospels is enough to establish the absurdity. When Christ commands his elect to go out and convert all nations by a symbolic ceremony of initiation by water, the Apostles, in continuing this first precept, can hardly be said to be canceling Christ. When, the night before his death, he takes bread and wine, informs his Apostles that these things contain his divinity, and commands them to continue this rite in his

memory, they cannot be canceling him in so continuing it. When Christ says to them plainly: "Whosoever's sins ye remit they are remitted," and they take him at his word, the consequent practice of absolution may be superfluous or morbid or absurd or anything you like, but it cannot, by any stretch of imagination, be called un-Christian. For the benefit of those who say, in the face of this evidence, that sacraments were unknown in the early Church and imitated, only much later, from popular Greek mysteries, I may state that the three described above as found in the Gospels are, in their order, the Catholic Sacraments of Baptism, the Mass and Confession.

I have named three major Sacraments of the Church, and must now mention a fourth, since upon this last is based the whole organization which is the central subject of this chapter. If the world were not to end for a while, it was obvious to the first Christians that the Church must go on, and if the Church were to go on, the Sacraments must continue to operate at the hands of people as qualified to operate them as the Apostles themselves. It was considered that when Christ employed the second person pronoun he was speaking, not only to Peter or John, as the case might be, but also to a whole multitude of successors through the ages, the mystical body to which he had promised the gift of his Holy Spirit. Consequently, the Sacrament

of Orders (Apostolic Succession) seems to have been employed right and left at Jerusalem and elsewhere. Immediately after Christ's disappearance, the Apostles "laid their hands" upon a certain Matthias to replace the traitor Judas as one of the Twelve, indicating that they, at least, regarded themselves as a central organization, whatever the modern critic thinks that they were. They then ordained seven deacons so that they themselves "might not be servers of tables." Paul, from his headquarters at Antioch, ordained presbyters in every church that he founded. Thus the Christian Church, in its very cradle at Jerusalem, is revealed as a body possessing both a sacramental system and a hierarchy. The fall of Jerusalem in 70 A.D. transferred the Jerusalem community to Antioch in Syria, and in Antioch at the beginning of the second century, as anyone can ascertain for himself who troubles to look up the Letters of Saint Ignatius (110 A.D.) the modern three-fold order of bishops, priests and deacons existed in full force. Put the two dates together, and ask whether it is so unreasonable to suppose that it existed in Jerusalem also. The episcopal and medieval Antichrist is seen to be very close, in point of time, to the apostolic and primitive Christ.

"The contagion of this superstition," wrote Pliny two years later, "has penetrated not only the cities but also the villages and countryside." One must

imagine the eastern Mediterranean as a long lake with three visible shores, the Hellenic-Latin cities facing each other across the water. By the second century the new faith from Palestine had radiated in two principal directions, striking south and west along the coast of Egypt as far as Carthage; north and west through Syria and the Cilician Gates where, carried by Paul, it crossed the Ægean inlet to Hellas, and thence across a second inlet, the Ionian one, to Italy and the capital of the world.

This is perhaps the best moment to sketch the shadowy origins of the institution known later as the Papacy and the Papal Supremacy. Whether one likes it or not, it is one of the oldest institutions in the Christian world. No sooner do we know from Saint Ignatius that one Christian church, by presumption a model for the rest, was governed by bishops, than we unearth another document, slightly earlier, wherein it appears that one of these bishops (of Rome) speaks with the accent of authority to the rest. I refer to the Letters of Saint Clement of Rome (90 A.D.) the Letters, that is, of someone who was very nearly a contemporary of Christ. His first predecessor as Roman Bishop is believed by Catholics to have been Peter who transferred himself from Antioch to Rome at some date during the principate of Nero (54–68). As for the Supremacy, the governance of the Christian world by the Bishops of Rome, his successors, it is justi-

fied in two ways, (1) dogmatically, by the commission in the Gospel: "Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my Church," and (2) historically. Among all the primitive Christian centers, Rome, as the capital of the civilized world, became, for an obvious reason, predominant. As the Church became more and more identified with the civilized world, it was natural that the capital of the latter should become also the capital of the Church, and that the Bishop of Rome, after the elimination of an emperor in the west, should rule both Church and world. The force of history thus carried the Papacy triumphantly along with an almost geometric precision. Eventually the Pope took the ancient title formerly borne by the Cæsars,—Pontifex Maximus. It signifies head of the Empire's religion.

To sum up:—When agnostics speak of a Catholic cult contending for survival and supremacy with other Christian cults, they may very possibly be right, though up to the second century the burden of proof is decidedly on them. I merely venture to point out that they are wrong in saying that its organization cannot be determined, and that its sacraments are after-thoughts. By its own definition the Christian cult was by 100 A.D. a group of churches federated by the same religion taught them by Christ seventy years previous; a religion involving at least three sacraments, also of Christ's

precept, and carried on by a clergy in a threefold organization inherited from apostolic times. Finally, over all these ancient churches there was one figure, *primus inter pares,* who spoke authoritatively across three seas.

Early in the second century the personality of this Church was compromised by the movement known as Gnosticism.

The Gnostics originated in Alexandria, one of the breakwaters where the various mythologies from the Orient came to spend themselves against the western mind. According to these people, the gulf between the infinite and finite, spirit and matter, God and man, was bridged by a succession of divine emanations called æons. Jesus was one of these æons, camouflaged for a few years under the likeness of man. [Docetism] Marcion (c. 160) holding the Docetic view that a phantom calling itself Jesus was seen to die on the Cross, attempted to Gnosticize the Church from the inside. Like all religions of this character, Gnosticism was occult and pessimistic. The Fourth Gospel is thought by several to be the Catholic edition of a Marcionite book. The hidden Wisdom (gnosis) was only gradually revealed to the cultured and prematurely sad, while its adherents blasphemed the life of this world by endless denunciations of matter and sex. The menace involved in this curious and fashionable superstition

consolidated the Catholic cult and stiffened the powers of the Episcopate. Synods, church councils on a minor scale, were held with increasing frequency, and among the faithful there was disseminated a formula called the Roman symbol or Apostles' Creed. The various scattered churches, hitherto conscious of no great need for external conformity so long as they were guided by a common faith in Christ and certain common practices, drew together, and the "great Church," as its enemy, Celsus, calls it in 177, fought Gnosticism till it died, or, rather, till it shammed death.

Well before the end of the second century the Christian family took the name Catholic, that is to say, international, universal.

Our agnostic critic of origins can afford to allow the above description to pass uncontested, contemptuously reserving his great card, which is that the Church eventually became supreme, not because it was of divine origin, or even because it was sane and holy, but because it was adopted and imposed on the world by no less a person than Divus Cæsar. Whether its ultimate supremacy is really as simply explained as all that, I propose to examine in subsequent chapters.

CHAPTER V

CHRIST AND CÆSAR

THE Cæsars had always exercised a creditable prudence in dealing with conquered minorities. Their spiritual descendants, the English (according to the English) have never shown in India or elsewhere the consideration of even so hard a functionary as Pontius Pilate, who kept the golden eagles outside the walls of Jerusalem so that they might not defile the holy city of the Jews with graven images. In a word, the Romans were not cursed with the mania of religious uniformity. So long as their subjects respected those divinities who symbolized the fecund majesty of the Roman state, they were free to worship a whole menagerie of imported gods, conceived in their own taste, and it is just to add that most of them did. Rome harbored more little religions than the Middle West of America, and their manifestations were infinitely more picturesque. Christianity itself owes its easy introduction into polite society to this wholesale eclecticism. The religion of the Nazarene was after all only one more, and there

might be something in it. Even the emperors, official high priests as they were of the Latin cult, shared the apprehension of the poet Baudelaire, who reproved the hilarity of some friends before a hideous and pathetic South Sea idol, saying: "Have a care: it might be the unknown God."

One act of conformity only was required of the alien. As a mark of respect to the visible symbol of the great State which protected him, he was obliged to salute, usually by offering incense, the image of the emperor. It was a gesture hardly more significant than a salute to the national flag, or than rising to the strains of the Star Spangled Banner in a theater. It is perhaps regrettable that the Semitic consciences of the first Christians did not permit them to concede this small politeness, for they suffered atrociously as a result of not rendering to Cæsar the things that were his.

The first persecution, that under Nero, was, however, no fault of theirs. Nero, a cheap monomaniac and a coward, was suspected of having set the city on fire to while away the tedium of a sultry evening on the Palatine hill. To divert suspicion from himself, he accused the whole Christian community, the more indiscreet of whose members were always talking about the imminent destruction of the world in flames.

From the year 64 to the year 311, when the government abandoned the struggle, there was per-

secution of the new cult, most of it, however, sporadic and local in character. One outbreak took place in the Flavian October of the Empire, under the gentle skeptic moralist, Marcus Aurelius. His beautiful wife Faustine, having given him more trouble than all the Christians put together, is said to have ended her days in the consoling shadow of the Cross. This tradition is interesting if only as indicating the progress which the Church had then made in the conversion of the upper classes. It could no longer be accurately called the religion of the poor.

Walter Pater in his suave philosophic romance, *Marius the Epicurean,* has a poetic description of the Mass, the "divine service" as it had thus far developed in the Christian assemblies during the Minor Peace of the Church under the Antonines. It is far too long to quote entire, but certain passages are suggestive.

"It was a sacrifice in its essence—a sacrifice, it might seem, like the most primitive, natural and enduringly significant of old pagan sacrifices of the simplest fruits of the earth. . . . Certain portions of the bread and wine were selected by the bishop, and thereafter it was with an increasing mysticity and effusion that the rite proceeded. Like an invocation or supplication the antiphonal singing developed from this point into a kind of

solemn dialogue between the chief ministrant and the whole assisting company—

Sursum Corda!
Habemus ad Dominum.

Gratias agamus Domino Deo nostro!—

It was the service especially of young men, standing there in long ranks, arrayed in severe and simple vesture of pure white—a service in which they would seem to be flying for refuge, with their youth itself as a treasure in their hands to be preserved, to one like themselves whom they were also ready to worship. So deep was the emotion that at moments it seemed as if some at least there present perceived the very object of all this pathetic crying drawing near. Throughout the rite there had been a growing sense and assurance of some one coming. . . .

Ite! Missa est!—cried the young deacons. . . . The natural soul of worship had at last been satisfied as never before."

The peace of the Church was rudely disturbed by the cruel persecution of Decius and again by the advent of the Emperor Diocletian (284) who embarked on a life-and-death struggle with the strong young faith. If ever a man did his utmost to exterminate a hostile force it was Diocletian, a Roman of the old school, by no means a con-

temptible figure. Thousands perished as a result of his supreme effort. Then having divided the Empire into West and East, he retired to an Horatian farm and spent the remainder of his days in cultivating prize vegetables. On his deathbed he is said to have acknowledged the futility of the persecution.

An early successor to Diocletian was Constantine, born in England, on the confines of the Empire, at York. He was determined, not only to be a stronger despot than Diocletian, but also not to repeat his capital mistake. Christianity was now the religion, secret or acknowledged, of a sixth of his subjects, but there was a better reason than that for trying it out. The Church was, by this time, truly Catholic, in other words, international. Since the defeat of Mithraism, it was perhaps the one cult in the realm with a justified claim to universality. One could hardly do better than to bring this religion which worked in every part of the Empire under one's own thumb. Constantine admired, too, the system of episcopacy by which, if one held a handful of bishops, one held the Church. In short, Christianity seemed to him an admirable instrument for fortifying and enforcing Roman unity. There is a pretty story of his having seen the Cross and the words *in hoc signo vinces* in the clouds above the Milvian bridge on the eve of a battle, but he had no need of a vision to reënforce

his common sense which already told him that in this sign he would conquer. He issued an edict of toleration (313). The Pagan cults disappeared, to be immediately replaced by the even more fantastic aberrations of the fourth century heretics. The day of Roman toleration was over, and that of Roman uniformity had dawned. But in this first struggle between Church and State the latter had surrendered, only to rule better.

As early as the reign of Tiberius, the Emperor had investigated the report of some sailors cruising the Greek islands who heard voices crying along the shore, "Pan is dead." This time Pan was really slain, if imperial edicts could kill him. There is good reason to suppose, however, that his death was merely feigned.

The main contention of our Modernist is true then? Is it true that the "great Church" became a State Church because it was imposed upon the Empire as inexorably as conscription? I am afraid that the answer to this convenient contention is , . . not at all. Christianity was not inexorably imposed by Constantine; it was tolerated and adopted in a curious halting fashion by the Emperor himself, who only on his deathbed consented to be baptized. It was not made obligatory for all citizens till the reign of Theodosius and then only in the east. It is true that the Pagan cults did disappear in an extremely leisurely fashion,

but their gradual disappearance was due to the force of mode rather than to the mode of force. In the generation following Constantine's, the Emperor Julian led a rather pathetic return to Paganism, and there is a charming story, which Heine would have liked to exploit, of the last Pagan Emperor discovering the old priest on the steps of a fallen temple with a goose in his lap—the only trace of Paganism that Julian could unearth. The Modernist asserts that the Catholic cult conquered merely because Divus Cæsar wrapped his purple cloak about the Crucified. But the ink on the edict of toleration was hardly dry before the cold and stately shadow of Arius fell upon this incongruous group, and Catholic Christianity found itself once more in battle, not only against a novel and attractive heresy, but against principalities and powers, against Divus Cæsar himself, and, as Athanasius said, against the world.

CHAPTER VI

HERESY

THE Church appears to have suffered from complicated divergencies within its fold, from heresy in short, ever since the first days of the Apostles. At a date anterior to his first missionary journey (C. 47 A.D.), Paul embarked on a bitter controversy with the leaders of the Jerusalem Church on the problem presented by Gentile converts to Christianity. The older Apostles, however much or little they were penetrated by the new Gospel, remained in their religious life devout Jews. For this they could plead the example of their master. Jesus, in whatever light one regards him, was externally a Jew; he was circumcized, preached in the synagogues, apparently as an accredited rabbi, worshiped in the Temple, while there were even moments when the old lion of the House of Judah broke through his divinity, as when he rudely told the Syro-Phœnician woman that "it was not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to dogs," and was only melted by the beauty of her response: "Truth, Lord, yet the dogs eat

of the crumbs that fall from the Master's table." His Apostles wished that admittance to the Christian cult be made dependent upon the convert's acceptance of circumcision, after which he was to be baptized. Paul contended that this surgical operation was superfluous for adult Gentiles, and the Jerusalem Apostles eventually swung around to his side. He thus saved the Church from relapsing into an annex of the Jewish Temple; it is not too much to say that he secured its survival. A remnant of irreconcilables lingered on in the old Ebionites seen by Flaubert sitting "aged like mummies" in desert places and saying: "We alone have known Him, the carpenter's Son."

But Christianity was oriental in its origin, and even after this first triumph over Semitism the oriental mind did not abandon its passion for nonconformity without a struggle. During the third century a new sect pullulated every year, almost every day. One must go to the delirious pages of the *Tentation de Saint Antoine* for an intimation of the myriad and monstrous cults which from the right and the left assailed all at once the orthodoxy of Rome. Gnosticism which, as we have seen, was the first to come, was the first to go, except as it survived in the curious Catharism of Albi and the French Midi during the Middle Ages. Reinach, in general very hostile to Christian orthodoxy, has observed that the passing of Gnosticism was a good

riddance for the world since its extravagant metaphysics were dangerous alike to society and to the individual. All one can affirm is that the Gnostics took everything that was already obscure in Christian theology and proceeded to render confusion thrice confused. Sophia, who seems to have been a sort of celestial daughter-in-law, engendered the Demiurge who created the world, the Demon and man. Somewhere in this lucid cosmogony came Christ and the Holy Ghost, but it does not greatly matter where, though there is said to be still a Gnostic church with bishops at Paris. The Gnostic scheme, if it had one, was broken up, but fragments of separate insanity survived and took other names. Manes, originally a Gnostic, affected by the old Dualism of Persia, taught that the creator of matter, who was also the Yahveh of the Old Testament, is really the Devil. Christ came to establish a kingdom of pure spirit and redeem us from his yoke. Manes has given his name to the Manichæan cult which flourished in southern France well on into the Middle Ages when it was put down with fire and sword. Montanus, accompanied by two women, preached an unnatural asceticism. Donatus called down the wrath of heaven upon the Christian clergy who had apostasized during the late persecutions. His followers, the Circoncellians, a sort of Bulgar *comitadji,* clothed in wolfskins,

crowned with thorns and brandishing whips, terrorized the African Church and sacked monasteries and towns. The Adamites went about completely naked in imitation of the lost purity of Eden. The Valesians mutilated themselves in hatred of the flesh. The Paternians lived in filth in order to dishonor their bodies, made, as they conceived, by Satan. The Messalians brutalized themselves systematically on the ground that all occupation, including that of thought, was a sin.

In this welter of madness, the Church, the Roman *insignia* on its prow, held its difficult course like a ship tossed by opposing waves from this side and that, and all but shattered, but still enduring. Chesterton, in a characteristic passage, compared the Church to a chariot, swerving to right and left so exactly as just to avoid enormous obstacles. It is always easy to fall, he remarks, it is always easy to be a heretic. There are an infinity of angles at which one falls, only one at which one stands. "The heavenly chariot flew thundering through the ages; the dull heresies sprawling and prostrate, the wild truth reeling but erect."

When the madmen one by one disappeared squeaking and gibbering into limbo, they were at once replaced by a far more temperate and dangerous type of heretic—the rationalist theologian. Arius was the most influential of these as well as

the first. He was a deacon in orders, a good-looking and dignified ecclesiastic, much admired by women. The great preoccupation of the new heretic was with the precise nature of the Word, the Logos, the Christ, regarded both by orthodox and dissident as the match which had kindled the conflagration of Christianity. Was the Logos really coequal and coeternal with the Father as the Church said? No, replied Arius, He was created by the Father, it doesn't matter when, in time, at all events, and hence He is subordinate to the Father. Though far from affirming that Christ was merely a man, the tendency of Arianism was obviously Socinian. Arius may be regarded as the first Unitarian.

He found considerable support not alone among theologians, but among the crowd, especially that of recent converts with whom his conception of Christ was popular for its resemblance to that of the demigod in Pagan myths. Through a series of songs which he wrote, like a Byzantine Chaucer, "for sailors, wayfarers and millers," the Arian catchwords ran like wildfire through the lower bourgeois and slave classes. It was the first attempt on the part of a theologian, truly Modernist, to subordinate everything in Catholic Christianity to the susceptibilities of the man in the street. Babbitt was to be made a good Catholic by a writing down of the dogmas and paradoxes of the

Faith for Babbitt's consumption. The most conspicuous leader on the orthodox or Trinitarian side was a young deacon of the Church at Alexandria named Athanasius.

In the year 324 the Emperor Constantine intervened. He himself was not a Christian. Insofar as he had any clear religion it was monotheism, but it was a worship of the Persian sun-god, Mithras, so popular in the army, whose effigy appeared on Constantine's coinage till some time after the edict of toleration. But the Arian schism threatened to upset the Emperor's dearest wish, which was the religious unity of his dominions. In the struggle between Arian and Catholic over the actual character and degree of Christ's divinity he saw nothing but a verbal difficulty about nothing, a form of words, as perhaps it was. Nevertheless he wished the struggle to cease. Accordingly he summoned all the bishops of the Church to meet in a first General Council at Nicea across the Bosphorus from the capital on the nineteenth day of June, 325.

The Council of Nicea gave the Church the Nicene Creed. Hitherto the varying symbols employed by scattered churches had all been based on the formula quoted in Matthew's Gospel,* but

* All power being given me in heaven and earth, go ye and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit.

from the second century there had been a tendency to expand this statement so as to guard the faith in the minds of the simple from heretical misconstructions like those of the Gnostics. The assault of the latter upon the Church gave the Roman symbol, and the Roman symbol, meeting the new assault of the Arians, was lengthened into the Nicene Creed.

Athanasius, refusing to accept any creed which would include the Arians, held out for the famous *homoosion* (of one essence) with God, a word which established the complete divinity of Christ. The majority of the Council, though they disliked the rigidity of the definition, finally accepted it, and declared that those who maintained that there was a time when Christ was not, or that He was a created being—these the Catholic and Apostolic Church declared anathema (condemned).

One thing remains to be said of the Nicene definition, and that is it is wholly incomprehensible. If any one doubts this, let him dip into the mysterious waters of the Athanasian Creed, an expansion of the Nicene one.

"Whosoever will be saved," begins the formula reassuringly, "before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic faith.

"Which faith," the creed continues grimly, "except he do keep it holy and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly."

We are then told that Catholics worship one God in Trinity and Trinity in Unity, which is all very well for those to whom elementary mathematics mean very little, and then comes the crux of the problem, whether Christ as God was coeternal or not. Athanasius decides, apparently, that he was both at once by the stupefying conclusion that Christ was "begotten" but not "created." (*Genitum non factum.*)

Any one who is unable to understand the subtle distinction between being begotten and being created is invited to betake himself straightway to everlasting destruction.

Arius died suddenly while in a latrine, struck down in that undignified posture, said the orthodox, by the judgment of heaven, but it must not be imagined that his heresy died with him, blown into nothing by the thunders of Athanasius and the patronage of the Catholic party under Constantine. That Emperor died in 337, and his immediate successors swung around to the popular heresy, always very strong in the provinces. It was Arianism and not the Church which found itself overnight the pet of the purple. Athanasius was banished to the Thebaïd; Catholic bishops were deposed by the government; it was the Church which took the dusty road of persecution and unpopularity, and that for a long time. For a while, indeed, it seemed in danger of extinction.

Generations passed; the last Latin Emperor, a little boy, was lifted from his throne by a shaggy barbarian named Odoacer (476), but the Catholic Church gained nothing by a change of era that seemed to be the end of a world. The Arian heresy was eagerly taken up by the new barbarian kingdoms, the ancestors of modern states, now rising on the ruins of the Empire, probably because those relatively simple minds were unable to swallow the mystery that three is the same thing as one. Theodoric, Odoacer's great successor in Italy (493–526), was an Arian with all his court. The agnostic's final conclusion that the Church only conquered because she was a sort of sacred cow stalled in the comfortable stables of emperors and governments is a great deal too simple, and it is contradicted by the plain facts of history from the Council of Nicea to the baptism of the orthodox Franks in 496. I would prefer to believe that its survival and ultimate supremacy were indeed a miracle, for miracles from heaven are often more credible than the foolscap ones spun by agnostic historians. No, the Church is naturally a rebel against civil governments, and has always been so. It was a rebel against the Pagan emperors and the Christian ones; a rebel against the barbarian kinglets of the dark age and the German kaisers of the middle one with their mania for meddling, and the Anglo-Norman sov-

ereigns with their craze for bureaucratic efficiency. Straight through the maze of medieval and modern times, this eternal opposition is manifested like a light from Nero to Mussolini. "Render unto Cæsar the things that are his," murmurs the Church, echoing the sublime repartee of its founder, and adding on its own account. . . . "But not an inch more." The instant that the universal Church bends to a single nationalism, as in France from Avignon to Versailles, it declines in proportion; when it bends sufficiently low it breaks as in Ninety-Three. Rebellion is one of its marks, more conspicuous indeed than holiness; it is also its chief glory, and it is, in part, to manifest it that I have written this book.

But I am well in advance of my subject. The Trinity having been affirmed at Nicea there arose Nestorius, who was dissatisfied with the Nicene decision on the ground that it made one Person of Christ, whereas there should be two, a human and a divine. The Council of Ephesus (431) decided rightly that this was the merest pedantry, and Nestorius withdrew to found Churches in Mesopotamia and Persia which actually survive to this day. They have probably forgotten the very name of Nestorius, but, proud of their antiquity, they still hold resolutely aloof both from Rome and the Orthodox Church in the East.

Then appeared Eutchyes who declared that if

Christ were only one Person, it stood to reason that He could have only one nature, namely, a divine nature in a human body. This sounded plausible enough, but the Church in a second Council of Ephesus (449) decided that it was all wrong, and Eutyches in turn withdrew to found the Monophysite Churches of Egypt (Copt), Abyssinia, Syria (Jacobite) and Armenia, which have also survived. The Monophysite heresy was a serious one because it obviously resided on some basis of good sense. Peacemakers calling themselves Monothelites tried to bridge the gulf between orthodox and monophysite by contending with the former that, while Christ might have two natures, they were united by a single energy or will. This compromise sounded so wildly reasonable that it gained all sorts of adherents, including the eastern Emperor Heraclius, but the Church was no longer after reasonable solutions but the most arbitrary metaphysics and the most rigid definitions. So the poor Monothelites went the way of the rest. They founded the Maronite Church of the Lebanon range, which during the twelfth century was reunited to Rome. Thus the most reasonable of the heresies is the only one which has had no organized survival.

Orthodoxy was saved, but in the ninth century Rome suffered the most important loss it had yet sustained when a great Church, itself orthodox so

far as name could make it, deserted the pope. This was the Church of the Greek, or Eastern, Empire and included the great patriarchates of Antioch, Alexandria, Jerusalem and Constantinople. The Christian unity, which the Papal Supremacy itself could not divide, was destroyed by a simple grammatical conjunction. The Roman Church had declared that the Holy Spirit proceeded from the Father *and* the Son; the Eastern Christians could not swallow that "and" which seemed to destroy the equality of the Trinity. Save for a brief interval, the two Catholic families of East and West have remained separated ever since. The opponents of the conjunction "and" are represented to-day by the national Churches of Greece, Russia, the Balkan States and their missionary bodies in the Ottoman Republic and the Near East in general.

In those days certain bishops and holy men distinguished themselves by writing against the heretics and thus building up and completing the edifice of Christian theology. The Popes, in addition to canonizing these persons, have honored them with the title of Doctor of the Church. Among them was Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, whose excellent memory still sanctifies the cloisters of Sant' Ambrogio in that city, and Jerome, a violent fanatic, who eventually buried his violences in the sacred peace of Bethlehem, where he died on holy

soil. For us the most celebrated of these intellectuals is Augustin, Bishop of Hippo, near Carthage, a distinguished example of the Latin genius in its decadence. He was the first to give expression to the idea which dominated the medieval Church during the thirteenth century, namely, that it was ordained a divine theocracy to rule European society for Europe's good. "For more than a thousand years this idea of the Church as a sort of vast amphictyony whose members were restrained, even in war, by the idea of a common brotherhood and a common loyalty to the Church and the Papacy, dominated Europe." The great modern religion which we call nationalism could not lift its head so long as men really believed in a league of nations subordinate in faith and morals to the papal super-state, the *Civitas Dei.* This ideal saved the world in the days of the barbarian anarchy; it was certainly what the world needed then; and in our own time of a military capitalism, hardly less anarchic, it is what the world needs now.

Augustin is chiefly remembered as the author of the poignant and melodious *Confessions.* The latter are doubtless marred by the over-frequent outbursts of scriptural ejaculation, but for all that, they possess unforgettable passages and phrases. The author's "O God make me chaste, but not yet," is one that for some reason sticks in the

memory. Augustin, for all his exaggerated reputation for austerity, was one of the most human of saints. He was a true psychologist with a profound and mystical knowledge of the human heart, who amid the ruins of civilization and the deepening twilight of the dark ages, looked for a city having foundations, whose maker and builder is God.

CHAPTER VII

MONASTICISM

THE only solution for the human soul during the dark ages lay in the escape from life. The period was an abyss of desolation in which one by one all the ancient arts and honors of man seemed to disappear. In that twilight of nations Italy alone could still be seen by the afterglow of the Empire, the last rays of the sun that was going down over all the west. Theodoric and his Gothic Kingdom at Ravenna struck a final momentary gleam,* stamped out by the first Lombard ruffian who crossed the border. The heathen barbarism of the west was soon imitated by the Christian obscurantism of Byzantium. The Eastern Emperor Justinian, who married his mistress and became a devout bourgeois, closed the university of Athens. In the meantime, Goths, Vandals, Huns, Lombards and Anglo-Saxons raided Europe. The old world seemed to be rushing down in an agony of despair and dissolution, and no one

* See the noble churches at Ravenna and those Byzantine frescoes so admired by Clive Bell (*Art*).

was qualified to say that these torments were merely the preliminary throes of a new order, almost a new unity.

In this painful transition between two ages monasticism appeared. Intelligent spirits whose religion forbade them to commit suicide took the three vows. Monastic vows had been strenuously practiced a century before by the hermits of the Thebaïd who followed Saint Anthony. There is no better description of their existence than is found in the opening lines of *Thaïs:*

"In those days the desert was full of anchorites. On the two banks of the Nile, innumerable cabins built of branches were sown at some distance from each other so that the solitaries who lived in them could dwell isolated and yet aid each other in need. . . . Angels similar to young men came to visit the hermitages, while demons, disguised as Ethiopians or as animals, wandered around the solitaries. When the monks went, at morning, to fill their pitchers at the fountain, they saw the footprints of satyrs and centaurs on the sand. Considered under its spiritual and veritable aspect, the Thebaïd was a battlefield where were delivered, at every hour, but especially at night, the marvelous combats of earth and heaven."

This tension of the ascetic life experienced by hermits and solitaries was too strained for the free spirits of the west. Saint Benedict (480–

543), the practical founder of monasticism in Europe, was imbued with the idea that it is not well for man to be alone. He enjoined his followers to love God and to live reasonable lives. In the mother house of Monte Cassino, the classic landscape at his feet, the famous mountains and gleaming cities in the distance, he was able to synthesize the existence of a patrician, a lover of the soil and its old humanities, a very great saint. The same mystic experiment was effected by the old temples and green cascades of Subiaco, and the *regula* of Benedict spread throughout barbarized Europe, transforming it. It is significant that at Monte Cassino Benedict spared a holm of primeval oaks in whose shade the Queen of Love and Beauty had once been worshiped.

The Benedictines were often men of action, debarred from their natural inclinations by a legitimate disgust for the world. In a Europe given up to the most abject anthropophagy, in a Church which could barely write her own name, there was no place for them but the cloisters. They were the aristocrats of the dark ages. It is not enough to say that the religious houses were of value because, by a kind of miracle, they preserved for us Pindar and Plato, Virgil and the Anthology; because they unconsciously continued culture. In the period extending from the fifth to the eleventh

centuries, they *were* culture. They were like small sunny islands in the universal welter of things.

Nor were their inmates drones. As soon as they had established themselves they set out to re-civilize Europe. Benedictines and Carthusians, Cluniacs and Cistercians, all heralds of the Papacy, make us feel that the Pope, *pontifex maximus,* was really, and all unknown to himself, the authentic heir of Cæsar in bringing order out of the horrible chaos of the barbarian centuries. Soon a brother of Saint Benedict stood by the rough chair of every athletic savage who disputed for a term some segment of what had once been Rome. The most active missionaries came from Ireland, evangelized by Saint Patrick (450) and called for the present the Island of Saints. Saint Remy converted the Franks (496), Saint Boniface the Germans (689). Hungary was Christianized about 1000, thus opening up in Christian lands a trade route to the East. The conversion of the high prince Vladimir in the tenth century brought all Russia under the wing of the Greek Church. Pope Gregory the Great, while still a deacon, admiring the beauty of some Nordic boys exposed as slaves in the crumbling Forum, sighed his celebrated *Non Angli sed Angeli,* and years later sent a Benedictine prior, Augustin, to make their little brothers children of Christ. He baptized the Jutish "king" of Kent, and building himself a

wattled church at Canterbury, became first archbishop of the English. The Cross reappeared in the country of our fathers, and the Church in England gave an immediate example of unity which the Saxons were too slow to imitate politically, as they learned to their cost when their thanes perished around King Harold on Hastings hill, and England became a fief of Norman William (1066). Long before this, however, England was more Christian than many parts of the Continent. From the stormy Hebrides to "the sunset bounds of Lyonesse," from the musical solitudes of Yarrow and Annan-water to the Ultima Thule of the ancient geographers, rose little centers of Catholic civilization against which the drift and foam of their savage environment broke in vain.

At the same time, with the activities of the Benedictine missionaries, developed the phenomenon known as the temporal power of the Papacy. Christ had said: "My kingdom is not of this world," but this totally religious ideal could scarcely maintain itself in the catastrophe of the dark ages. By the very force of history the Church was compelled to occupy itself specifically with the things of this world. In its origins, the political function of the Papacy was nothing more or less than a work of charity. In the disappearance of a western emperor and during the successive assaults on Italy, known as the bar-

barian invasions, the pope found himself obliged to act as a chief of state, if only to mitigate the universal hardness of life during those chaotic times. The incarnation of this apostolic period of the Papacy, when it was a theocracy by necessity, was Saint Gregory the Great (590–604), he who had said *non Angli sed Angeli,* and sent Augustin to Christianize the English. His pontificate roughly coincided with the Lombard domination over Italy, when Benedictine, a monk, hidden in his cell on the Cœlian mount, seemed the last hope of a distracted Christendom.

In the year 800 a Frankish chieftain, Charlemagne, restored order to Italy and, relatively, to Europe by having himself crowned on Christmas Day in St. Peter's basilica at Rome, first head of the Holy Roman Empire. This event indicated that the moment had come for the pope to lay down the grand temporal rôle he had by force adopted, and accept in exchange the position of small Italian prince over Rome and the vicinity which the feudal dispensation inaugurated by Charlemagne allotted to him. In return for the almost imperial power which the Papacy had hitherto beneficently wielded and must now abdicate, was the temporal sovereignty over the small strip of "Peter's patrimony" thrown to the popes as a sop by the successors of Charlemagne. The avidity with which the pontiffs clung to this morsel

of territory during the dark ages has been adversely commented upon by historians, who fail to understand that the Papacy was once more propelled into an inappropriate political rôle by the very force of historical accident. The poor successors of Saint Peter were beleaguered, as it were, in a triangular fashion by three hostile powers—the Holy Roman Emperor, with his pretensions on Italy and the eternal city, the rough Latin barons and the turbulent populace of the commune itself, incited by republican tribunes. Ten times in the course of a century the sovereign pontiff was forced to hide himself in the castle of Sant Angelo, or flee to the Alps. It is no wonder that under this incessant burden of alarms and anguishes the popes were ambitious, not only for themselves, but for the Church, and often unscrupulous in the means adopted to secure her future, which seemed to lie in the uncontested possession of a territory. The theorists who criticize the temporal power from the tranquillity of their own rectories do not realize that it then seemed the one saving plank for the Church in the universal shipwreck of society. The secular power was the guarantee of religious integrity. The Church was obliged to reign in order not to perish.

A Benedictine community, Cluny, founded in "the lost kingdom of Burgundy" (910) showed the Papacy the better way. The Cluniac revival

dreamed of a pure theocracy under popes stamped with its own image. Here it collided with all those forces hostile to the Papacy we have mentioned above, but chiefly with that curious embodiment of civil unity known as the Holy Roman Empire. Had the latter really been able to restore order to Europe, the Church and the popes would doubtless have been able to abdicate secular ambitions and devote themselves purely to the government of souls; this will be later the dream of Dante in his *De Monarchia.* For a time all went well; the imperial lion and the papal lamb lay down together; but it all ended in a new dismemberment with the successors of Charlemagne and those of Peter snarling at each other among the fragments. France split away from the Empire in 970 under a line of national kings which survived through the centuries until Ninety-Three, when a certain Louis Capet wrote the Swiss "to cease firing," and a few months later put his head under the knife. In the south of France there rose from the ashes of the *gnosis* a new heretical church, well organized, and, under the circumstances, plausible, based as it was on the dogma that the world of the dark ages was irredeemably evil. Even under its own kings the identity and nationality of France seemed hopelessly submerged in a welter of independent fiefs, Normandy, Brittany, Anjou, the Duchy of Aquitaine, the County of Toulouse, the

Kingdom of Arles, etc. As for the German emperors, they were unable to keep order in their own patrimony, let alone in their more distant fiefs, like Lombardy. Time after time they thundered down the passes of the Alps, reduced the Lombard towns, Milan, Venice and the rest, nominated and invested the German and Italian bishops, and attempted to interfere with papal elections. A Cluniac Pope, Nicholas II (1059), put an end to this last abuse by regulating for all time the election of a new pontiff. He placed it in the hands of the pastors over the most ancient and venerated Roman churches. These persons were henceforward called cardinals; they might be bishops, priests or deacons so far as sacramental "order" was concerned, and collectively they formed the curia or papal court.

The Catholic Church radiating from the Holy See, and the far-off little island kingdom of England, furnish the only two examples of decent organization in this early feudal age of evil disorder. After 1122 bishops were elected by their cathedral clergy (the chapter) though the election had to be ratified by the pope. They were consecrated by three other bishops, and then enthroned; that is, they took formal possession of their cathedral and see. Thereafter they kept up communication with the Head of the Church by periodical journeys to Rome *ad limina Aposto-*

lorum. They in turn selected, from the diaconate, or the seminaries, priests for the various scattered parishes of their sees who were supported by a tithe or tax paid by every member of the parish from the lord down. A proportion of this tax went to the bishop, who was accustomed to forward the income from his first year of residence (Annates) to the pope. The whole system was admirably interdependent, and it worked.

Elsewhere there was no unity, no central government, no education, no art or literature, no peace. The dark ages grew steadily darker as they approached dawn, so dark that the European world was seized with an obscure impression that it was unfit to live and was indeed ripe for destruction. Cassandra-voices among the clergy proclaimed, on the basis of some obscure phrase in the Scriptures, that the thousandth year from the Nativity would see the end of all and the second coming of the Incarnate Word upon clouds of judgment.

We have come a long way from our source—the light that streams upon this Church from the pure and gracious figure of Jesus standing on the other side of the troubled centuries and saying: "My Kingdom is not of this world." It is even a long way from the half-mythical Apostles, administering the Sacraments in an upper room, to a distracted Bishop of Rome, surrounded by scarlet

cardinals, contending amid fallen columns and grassy colonnades, with all the forces of dying barbarism, dawning nationalism, greed, murder and feudal anarchy. At one end of the long chain, the Nazarene; at the other Gregory VII in his lonely palace-church of Lateran. The issue at stake was the evolution of a Church which would unite and direct the energies of all these half-barbarian nations, and having established its supremacy at their expense, would then return to the spirit of the Gospels and give to the new Europe the gift of peace and reason. A renaissance of art and literature might well follow, for they would be the expression of a consummation, and not, save in a fashion of phrase and drawing, a return to the pagan past. That the Church achieved such a consummation for a season is no less certain than that it failed in the end. The failure is not remarkable. What is remarkable, and even stupefying, is the perversity of its critics who, in the same breath, blame the Church for the attempt, and then denounce it for the failure.

The Consummation

[1000-1300]

CHAPTER VIII

THE MIRAGE

HAD one of those monks discussed in the previous chapter been enabled, like Rip Van Winkle, to doze off toward the end of the tenth century, to sleep safely through the fateful year 1000, and then to wake up suddenly, he might have rubbed his eyes with the sentiment that he was living in another world. The long stagnation of the barbarian centuries had been broken; a wind of moral enthusiasm was ruffling those dead waters. The force behind this transformation was the primitive emotion of relief. Europe had just come through its millennial crisis. The Ides of March passed in an agony of foreboding, and nothing untoward took place. This blow to clerical infallibility, far from producing incredulity, roused a revival of almost frenzied enthusiasm. Beautiful romanesque churches sprang up like Troy to the sound of hymns and chants and songs of thanksgiving. There was a burst of energy throughout Europe in which the young fresh Norman race, the sons of Vikings, played an active rôle. The Norman conquest of England and the two Sicilies took place during this period. Austere and energetic popes, stamped with the image of Cluny, tightened their

hold on the reins of a tremendous adventure. And presently the roads of Europe were drumming with the crusaders, glorious as the sun at midday, terrible as an army with banners.

Pilgrimages to the places rendered celebrated by the Gospels were, of course, not uncommon before the Crusades. The pilgrims who returned, or palmers as they were called, were the only persons with any first-hand knowledge of the Near East, but no extraordinary interest was manifested in their recitals by the rough barons who preferred to believe the wildest Arabian tales about that fantastic civilization so completely beyond their ken. The reality of the Orient would have dazzled them more than any vision of it. Ignorance, doubled by indifference, was the normal European attitude toward the East when events occurred that precipitated a blaze of pity and indignation producing the Crusades.

Palestine had been one of the conquests of the Caliph Omar, successor of Mohammed, in his startling extension of Islam from the Arabian desert to the Pyrenees. His successors, the Fatimite soldans of Egypt, who were the protectors of the Holy Land, treated the Christian immigrants well enough, partly for commercial reasons, partly because the Moslems reverence Jesus far more than most Christians reverence Mohammed. But the situation was altered when a fanatic named

Hakem, himself the son of a Christian girl, seized the power. From his time the Holy Sepulcher could only be approached on condition of defiling it. This together with similar outrages produced the first Crusade.

That is the concrete historic cause of the Crusades, but in this Catholic adventure, which is more than half apocalyptic, one must look for motives more deeply connected with the mysteries of the human heart. Man is naturally a wanderer. The nostalgia for distant lands and other horizons, the call from beyond the mountains, plays an important part in the development of every consciousness; it is the basis of all romanticism, religious or literary. Sexuality counts for more in all this than many people suppose. The Greek Emperor Alexis understood this when he extolled to the crusaders the beauty of the Byzantine women. Religion is another Eros which allures and never satisfies. The very barbarian invasions, base scramble as they were, contained this sentiment. The Germans sought in the south Asgard, the home of gods and heroes; they reached Rome, and there, in the ruinous solitude of the capital, they encountered the white apparition of Jesus. The crusaders, says Michelet, who had suffered such incredible hardships, sustained by the love of Jerusalem, perceived, on arriving, that the City of God was not by the Brook Kerith or in the stony valley

of Jehoshaphat. . . "The Arabs were amazed when they saw Godfrey de Bouillon seated in dejection on the ground. 'Is not the ground good enough,' said the conqueror sorrowfully, 'when we shall soon return to it for so long a sleep?' They withdrew in admiration. The East and the West had understood each other."

There is no need to describe the Crusades in detail. The first (1095) was an indiscriminate rabble of feudality led by Peter the Hermit, a French monk, and Godfrey de Bouillon, a French nobleman. After an orgy of misconduct in the Greek court and incredible hardships by land and sea, a tithe of the original host reached Jerusalem. There they attested the beauty of Christ's religion by massacring several hundred Jews and Arabs. They called their conquest the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem.

The second Crusade (1144) preached unwillingly by the famous Saint Bernard of Clairvaux, was placed under the direction of the Emperor Conrad and the pious Louis VII of France, who was accompanied by his gay and beautiful wife, Eleanor of Aquitaine. It was a failure. The third (1190), occasioned by the recapture of Jerusalem, was led by the Emperor Henry VI, Philip Augustus of France and the celebrated Richard Cœur de Léon; it also ended in a fiasco. Islam about this time had been undergoing a kind of Protestant

reform under the Emir Saladin, the Washington of the Moslems, who adhered to the strict letter of the Koran, and regarded Jews, Christians, Mohammedan mystics and free-thinkers with an equal dislike. His dream was not only to repel a Christian crusade but to lead a Moslem one into the heart of Europe. It was a tenable enterprise, and the third Crusade, abortive as it was, may well have saved the west from a holy war conducted by this gallant and dangerous enemy.

Prodigies of war were performed by the lion-hearted one, but his allies were jealous and treacherous, and he was finally left with a small force in sight of Jerusalem. It is said that he covered his face with his shield at sight of those sparkling towers, saying: "Suffer me not to see Thy holy City, O Lord, since I am not able to deliver it."

The astuteness of the Venetians turned the fourth Crusade upon the unfortunate Greek Empire, while the fifth (1229) was an amiable gentlemen's agreement between an infidel Emperor, Frederick II, and the soldan of Egypt in virtue of which Jerusalem was restored to the Christians without a drop of bloodshed. This arrangement so disconcerted the medieval mind that on the evening of Frederick's coronation as German king of Jerusalem, the patriarch made his entrance and laid a papal interdict upon the holy city which had dared to crown the pope's enemy.

The Crusades had no particular effect upon Asia, but they had a remarkable one upon the crusaders themselves, and through them upon Europe. They had begun their odyssey with a deep hatred of the Mohammedan and a feeling of cordial expectation regarding the Christians of the Orient, the Greeks, Armenians, etc. Experience taught them to reverse their preconceptions. The Greeks and Armenians betrayed and cheated them, as they have done now and then since, and they discovered that the abhorred Moslem was by nature more of a gentleman than most contemporary Christians. It is a discovery which was not unknown during the last war.

From treating one's enemy with respect to treating one's unhappy Christian serfs with even the most elementary humanity was only one step. The poor encountered liberty while seeking Jerusalem. The same community of suffering revived in a degree the touching equality of the first Christian centuries, and produced modern democracy, the democracy I mean of *Leaves of Grass,* not the cheap political formula. Thereafter the serf could look into the eyes of the ruthless man who had been his master and say: I found a cup of water for you in the desert; I shielded you with my body at Jerusalem; together we have known the camaraderie of the Cross.

CHAPTER IX

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE FEUDAL STATE

Interwoven with the first Crusades there was yet another movement which runs through the early Middle Ages—the eleventh and twelfth centuries—and this was the struggle of the Church to save her independence of action from encroachments by growing federal governments. Like much in the Middle Ages this movement is of high interest on account of its very duality and contradictions; it, too, had passion and right on one side and the other; good contended with good; Church and State had, respectively, their clerics who were pure politicians and their bureaucrats who were saints; and in Becket the Church had a solitary champion who was first one, then the other. In order to trace the struggle properly it is necessary to go back a little and present the reader with a picture of Europe as it was when the false vapor from the year 1000 had rolled away, and the world entered upon its medieval period.

And first two principles, two powers attempted to grapple with the chaos of feudality bequeathed

by the dark ages—the Papacy and the Holy Empire. Both failed for a season because both were eaten with the disease they desired to combat; the Germanic State, founded by Charlemagne, had become a feudal state, but so had the Church. From the glittering fortalice of Aix, and from the Lateran, emperor and pope looked down a world once mapped and well mapped by the Romans, but which had fallen into a vast disrepair. Over the brown dusty tracks of Gaul and the two hundred Germanies the pale threads of imperial roads had one by one broken off, and, dominating their severed intersections, was the solitary donjon and the gallows. No land was without its lord who owned it in effect absolutely, coined money, waged war, did justice or rather injustice, and bequeathed it all to the eldest son, who did likewise. As in the time of Benedict, there seemed no refuge for the civilized but the Church, and the latter's catholicity and holiness were menaced and degraded by the *Sabbat* of environing feudalism. Younger sons who could expect nothing from the eldest but the scraps kept from his dogs took Holy Orders as the one chance of independent survival. They became bishops, abbots, that is to say, barons in cassocks, wolves in sheep's clothing. "They skir the country, hunt, fight, bestow blows by way of benison and impose heavy penance with their iron maules." One German bishop was deposed by

his brethren for being insufficiently warlike. One thing only was wanting, and that was that these fighting clerks be married with the legitimate right to leave their holdings to a multitude of little priestlings. This did not fail to come about in certain places. In Brittany there were four married bishops, their Lordships of Quimper, Vannes, Rennes and Nantes; their children became priests and succeeded their consecrated fathers. One of the reasons why Gregory VII blessed the Norman Conquest of England was that the preponderance of married priests in the Saxon Church had placed that body almost outside the pale of orthodoxy. The day of the universal Church was done if it were about to relapse into the materialism and confusion of a final feudal State. There could be no more Crusades if their paladin was to have his warhorse encumbered by the good wife abreast instead of a shield, and his offspring clinging to the pommel.

To the debased feudalism of the bishops succeeded the sovereignty of one man—the pope, and Christianity became immaculately reincarnate in a monk. His name was Hildebrand and he is known in history as Gregory VII. Like Christianity's founder, its reincarnation was a carpenter's son, hardly higher in rank than a serf. He was a pupil of Cluny, imbued with its monastic and theocratic ideas, and when he became Pope

he put them into immediate and sensational practice. Under Nicholas II he had several times remarked that a married priest was no priest at all, a statement which, when he became Pope, caused the greatest excitement all the way from Rome to the Welsh border. "We prefer," said the agitated husbands, "to abandon our dioceses, our abbacies and cures. Let the joiner's son keep our benefices and let us keep our wives." The joiner's son smiled in virginal disdain and by an encyclical or two loosed the people on the married priests. Bishops were hustled, beaten up and even mutilated in their own cathedrals. The monk San Pietro Damiani traversed Italy, careless of his life, stripping bare with unparalleled cynicism the vices of the effeminate Church. In a short time all married priests were declared excommunicate, and it was considered no sin to kill them.

Then in her recovered and savage virginity the Church, headed by this reformer, turned and attacked her brother, the Empire. The latter, during the early Middle Age, really deemed itself another Church. Cæsar on occasions donned the dalmatic of the minor orders and reappeared as *Pontifex Maximus,* chanting the Gospel on high festivals of Aix or Mainz. Moreover, he was, during the eleventh century, justly considered the only great territorial prince on the European map. Though he could hardly keep order in his Ger-

man household, he possessed lands and allies in Cisalpine Gaul and also Transalpine, far on the French side of the Rhine. Though neither holy or Roman the Empire in the early Middle Age was incontestably an Empire, but unwieldy and as disorderly as a beer-house. It was the archtype of the feudal state, one whose head was not strong enough to keep peace and just strong enough to make trouble. But the confidence of these Franconian and Suabian barbarians who carried the globe and the iron crown was enormous. The discovery and study of the Roman law in the second part of the eleventh century added fuel to their pretensions. Here was a system, ready made, which worked perfectly on paper, where no mention was made of pope or canons, and a great deal was made of the emperor. Had not Charlemagne desired to be the successor of Augustus and Trajan? Armed with this instrument of parchment the Holy Roman Emperor attempted to rule not only the bodies but the consciences of his subjects, and when the Canon Law conflicted with the Roman, he disregarded it. Was he not himself a kind of priest? He was speedily imitated by minor princes; even the Norman kings of far-away little England, the conquest of which had been authorized by Gregory VII, stirred on their rushes, and William Rufus, resisted only by Saint Anselm, stole from the Church, and repented

in the gusty medieval manner, and stole again.

The principal cause at stake, now that the emperor could no longer meddle directly with papal investiture, was the investiture of other bishops—those who, as subjects of the Empire, came in the sphere of his authority. The German bishops might be subjects of the pope in religion; they remained none the less property owners, responsible for their fiefs to no one but the emperor, and to him they were vassals. In every country it was the same; insofar as they were priests they belonged to the pope; insofar as they were property owners they entered into the feudal scheme of things and belonged to the feudal state. The emperor, aided by the Roman law, was trying to make the feudal state into an absolute monarchy. Absolute, that is to say, over this *imperium* of clerks who were often very warlike and powerful, and who were partially free men, liberated by their orders from his control. But, on the basis of the feudal relationship, should the emperor seize the additional right to invest the bishops and abbots with ring and crozier, symbols of their religious character, they became in soul as well as body his men; the double allegiance became a single one; and the pope lost the right to their loyalty. In every country where there was a king, the Church would cease to exist as an international Church. That was the true prob-

lem, and it is no wonder that a reformer and natural theocrat like Gregory rushed to defend the Church from what amounted to a sacrifice of identity.

The Emperor Henry IV, imitated by other princes, openly practiced this important right of investiture and was promptly excommunicated by Gregory. It was a superstitious age; the Emperor repented in the violent manner of the period and spent three days barefoot in the snow before the Pope's castle at Canossa before the "Servant of God" would admit him to communion. It is not reported that the Emperor died of grip, but as a result of his intransigence the Pope died in exile. "I have loved justice and hated iniquity," said he in the words of the Psalmist, "therefore I die in banishment." The astonishing thing is that the emperor was not the ultimate victor. A compromise was patched up called the Concordat of Worms in 1122 whereby the bishops and abbots continued to do homage to the princes for their lands, but the staff and ring they received from their consecrators. The symbolism of the Middle Ages interpreted this agreement as a victory by the shade of Gregory, as indeed it was.

The second and climactic quarrel, though in reality, the self-same problem, was won over an apparently new issue, in a distant country again by a single man. In 1154 the Angevin Henry II

became King of England. He was a man of extraordinary energy, a born bureaucrat with his finger in every pie, who only varied eight hours of business by mad intervals of hunting and lechery. This King is remembered by the English as the Justinian of their legal system which is based neither on Canon nor on Roman law, but on the old Anglo-Saxon *mores,* the customs of the first English tribes. He began an abolition of the foolish ordeals which still disgraced English justice in the first Middle Age, and instituted a kind of trial by jury. A man so intent on reforming the whole judicial system could not fail to collide with the one institution which up to date kept its own justice intact, namely, the Catholic Church.

In the estimation of Henry and his legists the separate Church courts represented a crying scandal. First they had sole jurisdiction over priests, and the world "clerk" in the twelfth century was extremely elastic and covered every one having the slightest connection, however remote with religion —students, crusaders, choristers, sacristans, in short all the vaguely literate class. The Church courts, moreover, judged a large variety of cases which to-day are dealt with by civil law, cases involving wills, oaths, contracts, divorce suits, to say nothing of the three medieval crimes of blasphemy, sorcery and heresy. All this width of jurisdiction was, in Henry's opinion, utterly un-

sound. But his chief grievance against the Church courts was, that wonderful to relate, they were a great deal too lenient. Their gentleness, contrasted with the savage regime of the Norman conquerers, rendered them extremely popular with the subject race and the poor for whom the Church posed as, and often was, the sole protector and friend.

The King's fingers fairly burned to bring this institution, at once so arrogant and sweet, into line with his severe judicial reform. Only it was necessary to proceed with policy. His closest friend at that time was his Chancellor, a child of the despised Saxon race, and a deacon in orders, Thomas a Becket. He was a sympathetic personage, a great lover of hounds and hawks, perhaps a trifle too tactful and sleek. "Were Becket Primate," thought the King, "Head of the Church in England which, under the dispensation of our Holy Father, Alexander III, is almost an independent patriarchate, the Church is mine since Becket is mine." So he made the supreme mistake of nominating his best friend Archbishop of Canterbury.

Great was the King's amazement when he learned that his best friend took his new duties seriously. The worldling and companion of royal pleasures cut down his expenses, wore a hair-shirt, remembered that he was Saxon, and surrounded himself with poor people or with intelligent monks, John of Salisbury, Gerald Cambrensis, Walter Map,

the last a good man but the author of some of the most swinish satires ever penned against the vices of the clergy. This change of front was very ill-timed, since Henry and his lawyers had just completed the Constitutions of Clarendon. The latter provided that all persons tried by Church courts should be punished as they merited by the cruel Common Law. This meant an end to ecclesiastic mercy. The Constitutions also limited appeals to Rome; this meant an end to ecclesiastic independence. Losing with the power of excommunication the mighty weapon which remained to her, the English Church, cut off from Rome, imprisoned on her island, would lose all sense of universality, of catholicism. Under their air of being nothing at all, the Clarendon Articles represented the most serious frontal attack ever delivered upon the freedom of the Church, a freedom fraught with potential evils, but essential in the Middle Ages to civilization and progress. At all events they were triumphantly concluded, and Henry sent them to the new Primate to be signed.

Becket sent them back unsigned. When upbraided by the King, he replied that while a layman he had loyally tried to serve the State, and now that he was Primate of the English his first duty was to them and the Church, and to no one else. New to his position, menaced by the King and contending with his own scruples—that "in-

curable duality of the Middle Age," its sense of rival allegiance—he at first gave way, and then repented his weakness with violence. "Wretch that I am," he said, "I came out of the King's kennel, not out of the Church; I the lover of mummers and dogs am become the guardian of souls. I am not worthy, and for my unworthiness I am abandoned of God." The dismay and anger of the King knew no limit; and from that moment the Clarendon Articles became secondary, the chief thing being the ruin of his former favorite. In 1164 he summoned him to a Convocation at Northampton. The Archbishop, after saying Mass, the first words of which happened to be: *"The princes are met in council to judge me,"* proceeded to the court in his pontifical vestments, the archiepiscopal cross going on before. Courtiers threw straw and rushes at him as he passed. He appealed to the Pope and slowly withdrew. That night he gave a great feast for all the poor of the city. When the King's agents arrived to arrest him they found only the dying lights and empty hall, and learned that the Archbishop had already taken horse toward the Continent.

The whole medieval world watched the struggle of this one priest for the interests of the Church with indifference tempered by irony. The Pope Alexander III was at that moment at Sens in France where he had fled from the vengeance of

the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa against whom he had backed the Lombard towns. It did not suit him at such a juncture to offend the most powerful prince of the world next to the Emperor, that is the King of England. The Norman and English bishops of course supported the King with frantic toadyism against their Primate. Becket fought his fight single-handed save for the dubious patronage of his host, Louis VII of France, who wished to redeem by some pious action the fiasco of the second Crusade. The tenacity of Becket wore out even the pious Frank. "What more do you want?" he demanded, after Henry had made some perfidious offers to his late best friend, "Peace is in your hands." But Becket was unconvinced, and yielded neither to threats nor to fair words.

After six years he wrote the King that he was about to return to England, alleging that he could no longer see his church of Canterbury, mother of British churches, despoiled by the Norman vassals among whom Henry had divided the old archdiocese. In any event Christmas was nigh, and he wished to celebrate in his own cathedral-church the Midnight Mass of Christ's happy birth.

When he approached the shore and the people discerned the glitter of the archiepiscopal cross on the prow they hastened in crowds down to the sands so that they might have his blessing. These Saxons and poor folk seemed to know what was

going to happen. Their priests went to meet him at the head of the parish corporations, flanked by banners, and all said that Christ was come to suffer a second time for the Church in England, just as at Jerusalem he had suffered for the universe. The Archbishop arrived at Canterbury in a medley of hymns and the joyous clangor of bells. When he reached his palace he sat down and dictated two letters, one to the Pope asking him to offer the prayers for the dying, the other excommunicating the English bishops who had taken the King's side in the quarrel.

When the King, who was in Normandy, heard of this last defiance he fell into one of those famous Angevin spasms which were a mark of his bad family. He threw off his cap, rolled on the ground, literally bit the dust and chewed the rushes into straw. "Have I fed cowards in my house all these years," he moaned as soon as he could speak, "that no one will deliver me from this pestilent priest?" Four of his vassals, feeling this to be a challenge to their feudal honor, took him at his word. They took horse for the sea, and that night crossed the Channel. It was the day after Christmas, 1170, eve of the Holy Innocents.

Becket was told that the town was full of armed men, and was advised by his canons to take sanctuary in the cathedral. He made some proud reply to the effect that a church is not a donjon, but

recalling that it was the hour for the first Vespers of the feast, he prepared to make his entrance into the cathedral. Arrayed in a white cope and a white mitre, the silver cross at his side, and the frightened canons in their snowy mantles preceding him, the great Archbishop took his place at his throne in the sanctuary and chanted the first words of the Office: *Deus in adjutorium, meum intende.* At that moment the mailed feet of the four knights were heard on the flags as they came rapidly up the vast and gloomy nave. A voice exclaimed: "Where is the traitor?" The tall figure, illustrious in the sanctuary which alone blazed with lights, made a step forward. "There is no traitor here," he said. "What is your purpose?"—"Your death."—"I am prepared for it, but I order you in the name of God not to touch my people here." As he said this he received a blow with the flat of the sword. A second blow threw him down and his blood covered the mosaic. Some one kicked the senseless body, and leaving the terrified monks, they went away through the shadows saying: "He sought to be king and more than king; let him king it now." At that instant, as sometimes happens in a mild winter, a storm with thunders and lightnings burst over the violated church.

Thus died Becket because he would not sign away the independence of the Catholic Church in his own country, and the Church naturally gained

more by this single martyrdom than by centuries of resistance. The Pope, now triumphant over Barbarossa, pretended to be very indignant, but his position as regards the imperial House of Suabia was still too precarious for him to be very hard on the great and terrible English King. As for Henry II he protested his horror and innocence, withdrew the Constitutions of Clarendon and promised to head the third Crusade later undertaken by his son, Richard Cœur de Léon. The Catholic Church in England was immune from governmental interference till the era of Henry VIII. Becket was canonized, and is known to the world as Saint Thomas of Canterbury. It was to his shrine in that city that the pilgrims traveled in the pages of Chaucer. Up till the Reformation he was the most popular saint in the English calendar. Four hundred years later when the absolute State in the person of Henry VIII broke the Catholic Church in England once and forever, as a preliminary to altering its religion, the first doctrinal act of the over-married King was to erase the name of Becket from the Liturgy, because in 1170 he saved the English Church from becoming what he (Henry) was then making it, and what it has remained ever since.

Only thirty years after this victory secured by a martyrdom, the Church reached its apotheosis when Innocent III was elected to the Papacy.

The heir to the ever dangerous House of Suabia, the Emperor Frederick II, was a child, and Innocent was his tutor. This Pope then proceeded to crush the Albigensian heretics in the south of France, to institute a new and popular type of monasticism, to receive from King John England as a fief of the Holy See and at the Lateran Council to abolish serfdom. The greatest of Catholic centuries was inaugurated by the greatest of medieval popes. What could the poor Empire do against this tremendous moral power, lacking territories and arms, strong only in the sentence of excommunication and the interdict? However, it did its best, and from now on the duel between the two powers becomes bitter, atrocious, mortal. Frederick II became a man, gibed pleasantly at all religions, the Christian in particular, hemmed in the Pope from the north and from the two Sicilies, and suggested to his brother sovereigns a universal despoilment of the Church. He died with a jeer, and then the Papacy took a terrible revenge upon his children. Their beauty, their genius, their feudal honor, the love and loyalty they evoked, availed them not at all. The air of Rome was fatal to these tragic Hohenstauffens. Frederick's one legitimate son, Conrad, appeared there only to die. His other son, the beautiful King Enzio, perished in an Italian prison, betrayed as he tried to escape by a lock of his fair hair. Little

Corradino, last of the family, saw his Sicilian inheritance given away by Clement IV to Charles of Anjou, the brother of Saint Louis of France. He, a child of fifteen, accompanied by his bosom friend, Frederick of Austria, galloped past Rome in a desperate effort to recover it. The Pope watched the boys pass from the Lateran. "Let the victims go," was all that he said. Corradino was captured, and contrary to all laws of medieval honor, the child of fifteen was executed by the sbires of Charles of Anjou together with his friend. It was the end of the House of Suabia, the fall of the feudal state. There was no more Holy Empire save in name. Where their lances had glimmered in Alpine glens, now shone a bishop's staff.

CHAPTER X

THE APOCALYPSE OF SAINT LOUIS

The failure of the first Crusades did not appear to affect the prestige of the popes who directed them. Never before or since has the Holy See been more elevated in its pretensions and powers than during the thirteenth century, under Innocent III. Its elevation, however, was dizzy and deceptive. Raised to a towering height, the Pope saw more clearly the dangers that surrounded him. "The massy fabric, framed of apostles, saints and doctors, planted its roots far into the ground . . . but against it beat all the winds both from east and west, from Europe and Asia, from the past and the future."

In southern France, side by side with the Catholic Church here had arisen another—the Manichean—whose holy places were Albi and Toulouse. It was a disconcerting survival of the old antisocial Gnosticism believed to have been crushed in the fourth century. The death-struggle between the two faiths seemed imminent in 1200. Already the heretic church was organized, had its bishops, mis-

sioners and general councils. It was sustained by the wealth, the easy-going culture, and gay living of that French Syria, where the beautiful language of *oc* was spoken. Raymond VI of Toulouse and other meridional princes, whose vices were flattered by the contemptuous indifference of Manicheism to the flesh, openly protected the sectaries and made light of the Papal Supremacy.

It was not merely that the Midi was becoming rapidly orientalized; the Orient itself was knocking at the gates of Europe. The latter was weary of Crusades, yet never was a Crusade more necessary. A new and terrible people—the Mongols—seemed determined to restore all Asia to the naked beauty of prehistoric life. In northern China alone they had already fired several hundred cities. One wing swept down on Bagdad, and from there, raided Jerusalem. The terror of them filled Europe. In the year 1238 the sailors of Denmark and Frisia dared not leave their wives to pursue the annual herring fishing. Asia Minor expected every day to see those monstrous painted forms and shaggy horses appearing on the horizon. Before this ghastly and common peril, Christian and Mussulman momentarily joined hands. The Moslem princes sent ambassadors to the Kings of France and England.

The appeal was taken up by one of the most moving figures in history, the canonized Louis IX.

That the most Catholic of centuries should have been symbolized in a French king has been a great thing both for the monarchy and for Catholicism.

Born a few years later than the century, he seemed to have come into a world unworthy of him. He had to bear the heavy inheritance of the heretic Midi, purchased in 1208 by one of the most horrible wars in history, and transformed into a desert. Where, he might have asked, were the beautiful images of European order designed by Charlemagne and Gregory VII; where were the holy Pontificate of Rome and the Holy Empire? They had become, respectively, Guelph and Ghibelline, and it is difficult to say which of the two inspired the more horror.

On his voluptuous terrace at Palermo, surrounded by Saracen guards, Jewish doctors, Sicilian mignons, and concubines of every race, lounged the temporal head of Christendom, revising the proofs of his last work which bore the title: *Concerning the Tribe of Impostors,* with the sub-heading: *Moses, Mohammed and Jesus of Nazareth.*

As for the pope, it was difficult to recognize the Savior's vicar under the savage mask he had carried ever since he had crushed the Manicheans. He was not half so much interested in a Crusade against the heathen as in one against the Emperor. To destroy the generation of vipers, as he called

the tragic House of Suabia, had become his sole conception.

In such a world the one object to which a soul like that of Saint Louis could turn was a crusade. All was sick, in the state, the Church, and doubtless in himself, but on holy soil, all in his person might yet work out its expiation. *Jesus, Thou hast died for me: I may yet die for Thee.* It is undeniable that this man offered his spotless body and pure soul for the crying sin of his own epoch and his own Church.

At the same time, with this mysticism went a certain common sense novel in a soldier of the Cross. His plan was an expeditionary force into Egypt to be followed by an emigration which would make that country a base of supplies, *point d'appui,* in a renewed assault upon Palestine. His policy and even his campaign were retraced by Bonaparte in 1798.

He first sailed to Cyprus, where he stayed a long time, probably to inure himself to the southern climate. There he amused himself by watching the antics of the Mussulman princes, representatives of the Caliph of Bagdad, the Soldan of Egypt and the Old Man of the Mountain, who came to spy upon the great King of the Franks. What they saw was a slight man with golden hair and beard who jested gently with his companions

and wore upon his surcoat the scarlet cross of heroic sanctity. His camp was the usual complex of disorders and incongruities. Prostitutes pitched their tents near that of the King.

At length he embarked for Egypt, and landed near Alexandria, plunging into the shallow water before any of his companions. From there the army marched by slow stages to Mansourah. The vanguard was led by Robert of Artois, the King's youngest brother, who insisted on trying to take the town without waiting for the King. The Mamelukes had barricaded the narrow streets, and they rained arrows and Greek fire upon the assailants. All perished, including the young prince.

In the meantime the King had crossed the Nile and met the Saracens on the other side. In recounting this moment the good pedestrian prose of Joinville rises almost to the ecstasy of an Arthurian epic . . . "The King came up with his battalions, and a great sound of shouting and trumpets and cymbals; and he halted on a raised causeway. Never have I seen so fair a knight! For he seemed by the head and shoulders to tower above his people; and on his head was a golden helm, and in his hand a sword of Allemaine."

In the evening they told him of his brother's death. He made no answer, "but big tears fell from his eyes." Later he said: "I know that he is

in God, His Paradise" but refrained from adding: "I would that I too were where he is."

The rest of this campaign was horrible. There was no chance of going forward, and retreat by land or sea became hourly more difficult. An epidemic broke out in the camp, and the Saracens, who had vexed the Crusaders continuously by stream and shore, at last drove them into a *guét-apens*, and the Crusade was over. For a while it was doubtful whether the King himself would escape the general massacre.

The tragedy of the French King had reached its climax. He had been rejected by Christians, captured, mocked and, as it were, crowned with thorns by the heathen princes. All Islam celebrated his failure, and there was more than one Christian city, noble Florence, for example, which lit bonfires in honor of the happy event. Louis cared nothing for all this, only for the failure of the Crusade. "Had I alone to endure the disgrace and the misfortune," he said after his release, "and had not my sins turned to the prejudice of the Church universal, I should be resigned. But alas! All Christendom has fallen through me into disgrace and confusion."

The modern world so dearly loves "the masters of their fate," the men who get things done; it is incapable of understanding, still less of canonizing, this fatal king with his touch of Hamlet's malady,

constantly corrected by the heroic grace of God. Christianity is not the religion of the strong; it is the religion of the weak who will to be strong. Nothing is more fascinating in this complex nature than its unearthly mysticism, continually modified by a sort of sunny good sense and illuminated by a shining justice. He was no sacristan, no stained glass saint, no slave of the priests, and he knew on occasions how to parry the pretensions of clergymen with a firm malice, declaring that *"prud-homme vaut mieux que béguin."* And how this man from the Catholic Middle Age pierces the imbecilities of "one hundred percentism" in the instructions which he left to the future Philip III: "Dear son, gain the love of thy people for truly I should prefer a Scot coming from Scotland to govern the kingdom well and loyally to thy governing it ill in the face of the world."

In the meantime all Syria ran blood. The Mamelukes, the captors of Saint Louis, arrived burning, slaying and bearing of thousands to captivity. One by one the Frankish citadels near the coast—Cæsarea, Jaffa, Belfort and Antioch—fell into their hands.

For the King of France these things were a wound which gave him no peace. To go out there again, to endure once more the agonies of that campaign—the heats, the pestilence, the innumerable flies, the certainty of failure, the horror of death—

would have dismayed a more robust mind. *His* mind was supernatural. He could not pray in the glories of the Holy Chapel he had built in honor of Jesus while the Saracens were slaying his brothers or forcing them to deny His holy Name.

Between the viols and the wine,
I heard a voice descend:
Ye kneel and hail me as divine;
Therefore my land defend.

And then the eternal nostalgia of the Holy Land assailed him—the marvelous sadness of the desert, the melancholy of those rocky palisades where at evening the divine Shepherd had walked. He said nothing to his court, but wrote to the Pope that he was about to reassume the Cross.

The Crusade was unpopular to the last extent. Even the Pope, a clever man and able lawyer, Clement IV, wrote to dissuade Louis from the folly of his last adventure. We are only in 1267, but already the ugly spirit of the coming epoch, the low Middle Ages, was superseding the mystical and chivalrous thirteenth century. No one praised the King, and even his closest friend, his biographer, Joinville, abandoned him. "Of his voyage to Tunis," wrote the worthy man, "I wish to say nothing, for God be praised, I was not there."

Tunis had been selected as an objective because

Egypt was inaccurately believed to draw its supplies from there, and in their ignorance the French thought that one could pass easily from one country to the other. After loitering on the coast some days under a sky of brass, the vanguard advanced on Carthage. All that was left of Rome's rival was a single fortress garrisoned by two hundred Saracens. These were at once slaughtered, and when the King arrived at evening he found the place choked with dead bodies, an abominable castle standing by itself on a treeless plain, broken here and there by pools of pestilential water. Sickness soon broke out, attacking the King and carrying off his youngest child, a boy, whom he greatly cherished. It was, as Michelet said, a summons from God, a temptation to die.

"On his last night, the holy king lifted up his hands and said: '*Beau sire Dieu,* have mercy on this people sojourning here, and grant them a safe return, that they may not fall into the hands of their enemies, or be compelled to deny Thy holy Name. . . ."

And a little later, as he was reposing, they heard him sigh and say in a low voice: "Oh Jerusalem . . . Jerusalem. . . ."

Saint Louis is the complete flower of the Middle Ages at their apogee and their last child. After him there will be no more Crusades, or rather a Crusade will be regarded as a final resort for pro-

ducing revenue; considered as a heavenly adventure it has outlived its time. The Pisans, with the unfailing practicality which distinguishes their race, will solve the problem by shipping from Palestine a cartload or two of holy earth to be deposited in the Campo Santo; a portion of Judea-at-home, much more accessible, and infinitely more cheap.

CHAPTER XI

THE CENTURY OF SAINT LOUIS

The epoch of Saint Louis has been called the greatest of centuries. It is certainly the period in which the Catholic spirit consumed itself with its purest flame. By the middle of the thirteenth century the power of the Papacy had attained its consummation. Secure under its beneficent despotism the Church in certain countries had too the air of being very close to the hearts of the people. It was in this century that the enthusiasm for a new style of architecture raised throughout Europe, but especially in France and England, those miracles of stone and color, the Gothic cathedrals, a mighty expression of communal feeling wedded to the genius of artists and the holy ardors of religion. Under their charitable shadow grew up the first associations of learning, the universities. The spirit of the Church penetrated everywhere, even in the relations of business and industry. It was surely a great age, but an age which lived upon the heights and only the heights were in sunlight.

Probably the best criterion of what is good in an epoch is that proposed by Dr. Walsh in his book on the thirteenth century . . . "An historical period is great in proportion to the happiness it provides for the greatest number of men." And yet it is only by a piece of special pleading that the thirteenth century can be made to satisfy this criterion. I doubt if the greatest number of men were very happy during this climactic moment of the Middle Ages, as happy as they were in the Flavian age of the Empire, for example, under the Antonines. If the thirteenth century is ultimately great, it is not because it was conspicuously happy for all its sacerdotal splendor; it is because it produced a great Catholic art under the impetus received from a religious renaissance. The most successful example of individual happiness in history is a product of this century, but he is salient only as he stands out, like the relief of a saint in an old altar-piece, against the darkness of his background.

He came from those enchanting valleys in the region of the upper Tiber, on the borders of the old Etruscan desert. The Middle Ages was particularly hard for those isolated hill-towns and cantons of Assisi, Perugia, Gubbio and Narni which the popes had erected as a kind of defensive rampart to protect their own "patrimony" on the north. At the first appeal of Francis thousands of

souls in this Umbria, so long shut out from its natural inheritance of joy, seemed to awake and expand in a new matutinal season of love and hope. After the year 1209 they could have repeated the old words of the Advent canticle:

Through the tender mercy of our God,
The day-spring from on high hath visited us!

Francis was the son of a rich bourgeois of Assisi, and his adolescence reveals the same traits one ascribes to the decorative and self-assured young men one used to see lounging with graceful serenity on the piazze of Italian towns before the Fascist phenomenon. He was, however, innocently ambitious, overflowing with animal vitality, and gay to the point of extravagance. Taken prisoner in one of the neighborhood wars between his city and Perugia, across the valley, he said to his jailer: "What do you think of me?" Then without waiting for an answer, "Brother, I tell you that one of these days the whole world will adore me."

Innocent and amusing words, but also prophetic ones! When he returned to Assisi he found no leisure to prepare for the great moment when all the world would adore him. His days and nights were too preoccupied by all the sports and trivial avocations which absorb an ordinary Italian youth of good instincts and unquenchable high spirits. His very name, Francesco, "the Frenchman," re-

veals him as the practician of the gay science just imported across the Alps from the ruined Midi, a maker of *sirventes* and *canzonetti,* dedicated to the love of woman and the love of life. At night he promenaded through the city, half undressed, flushed by the light of torches. He thought of nothing but of becoming a great man, of perpetuating the secret of happiness he carried like a falcon in his bosom, of surrounding himself with joyous poets and dear friends, with "the flame of beautiful faces." "I will be a great baron," he said often.

Then, imperceptibly, a cloud of disquiet began to obscure his life. The hard egotism of the bourgeois who surrounded him, the miseries of the lepers and fugitive serfs and hopelessly poor, assailed and penetrated even that irrepressibly happy spirit. Pity came, a ghostly figure like that mystical Poverty he is seen to espouse in Giotto's painting, and laying her finger on the smiling lips, showed him the whole fair tract of the Christian world, not as it appears now to the romantic medievalist, but as it was, and is. That smiling valley, his own Umbria, bounded by happy hills, enameled with gay and simple flowers, appeared to him suddenly as a true vale of tears, since man alone, amid all that laughing spectacle of nature, seemed disinherited and still a prisoner as if no redemption had ever taken place. Francis de-

termined to repair this anomaly. His conversion is more striking than those of Huysmans and Tolstoy, since, in the case of the former, conversion was barely distinguishable from superstitious egoism, while the latter, in professing to love the poor a great deal, remained all his life a disillusioned aristocrat. Francis not only went to the poor, he became poor himself; he identified himself, so far as he was humanly possible, with abstract poverty. Like the Buddhist prince in the Hindoo mythos, this son of the gods, who had the best reasons for loving life in a Pagan sense, willed to love it in a Christian. And this one fact still distinguished him from almost all the great converts and reformers. Christian gloom was the one element in medieval Christianity impossible for him to assume and incarnate. He embarked on the great adventure of redemption as if it had been a kind of lark. Even the most even-tempered of medieval churchmen, Saint Antonin of Florence, had regarded property as a positive good and poverty as evil. Francis made himself little with relief, and embraced poverty gayly as if she had been a bride.

In retelling his familiar story, I have wished to indicate, in passing, the two principal notes of the Franciscan Church which he founded within the Catholic one, and which transformed, to a certain extent, the latter, together with the whole thir-

teenth century world. These notes are, it seems to me, Christian democracy and the religion of joy. The Catholic Church, under the ægis of the Papacy, was at the height of its power in the thirteenth century. Its theology was crystallizing into the iron scholastic of Saint Thomas Aquinas. It had tasted the blood of heresy in the Albigensian Crusade, and its most questionable institution, the Inquisition, had just been founded to police and enforce a lifeless uniformity. Never again did the Church seem disposed to regard with friendliness, of even sufferance, any revolution in religion. By pity and love, Francis effected such a revolution. Without theology or scholastic, and with the blessing of the Pope, he restored primitive Christianity and the Gospel to the lives of men, and in doing so, he rejuvenated and popularized the feudal and monarchical Church. His Franciscans became the leaders of the poor in the universal revolt against feudalism, the labor movement of the fourteenth century in England, for example. As early as 1210 they intervened between the serfs and the barons of Umbria, and forced the latter to sign a charter of partial emancipation. Even among themselves they revised the monastic ideal, which had been monarchical in its principle like the Church itself. Many of them were not even in orders. They called each other not "father," but "brother." Catholics like to say that the

Church abolished slavery, meaning that after the advent of the Church slaves were no longer called slaves but serfs. But what the Catholic Church failed to do, the Franciscan one accomplished.

It was well for Francis that he effected such a revolution in Italy itself, the country of light and liberty. In France and the Empire, both just emerging from the barbarous mists of the dark ages, he might have fared like Jeanne d'Arc or John Huss, and gone down in history as a heretic, or as a heretic who has only just been rehabilitated as a saint. For a moment the fate of the Franciscan Church trembled on the knees of those medieval gods, known as the pope and the curia. Innocent III was dubious as to its orthodoxy, but a cardinal, divining the crux of the question, said in the pontifical council: "Holy Father, in rejecting the request of this poor man do we not reject the Gospel of Jesus Christ?" The Pope, acceding, blessed the foundation of the Franciscan Order. He had then a dream in which he saw his basilica of Lateran rocked by a tempest and upheld only by "this poor man" who lent his shoulder to sustain it. This vision was a true prophecy. Everything that was good in Italy—its Catholicism, its poetry and, I would almost say, its art—received their driving force from the Franciscan movement—the liberty of spirit in which Italy treated dogma and discipline, her contempt of formal heresy, the love

which often carried her to the heights of the Christian ideal, the religion of Giotto, Saint Catherine, Raphael, Philip Neri and Michelangelo finds its first reflection in that of Francis and his regenerating work of joy. Machiavelli, who was no friend to monks, wrote the following lines which are a summary of the Franciscan achievement:

"It is necessary that religions renew their youth and return to their first principles; Christianity would be now completely extinguished if Saint Francis had not renewed it and restored it to the hearts of men by the poverty and the example of Jesus Christ; he thus saved the religion that was being compromised by the Church."

Finally, Francis restored to Catholicism its primitive joy, and thus made possible a vital and revolutionary art. He was a true Meridional, and Italian, a poet, and not the least of the flowers which sprang up in his path was the first Italian Renaissance, the creative, the real one. I can never pass that fine, suave, tempered façade of Saint Mary of the Flowers at Florence without evoking the charmed moment in the Renaissance when it paused, gracious as an April morning, before advancing into the lush magnificence of midsummer. Christian gloom would seem never to have thrown its shadow about those smiling Italian churches since Francis expelled it from the peninsula by his apostolate of love and joy. One

feels the same sentiment in the painting of the early Tuscan school, above all in the supreme Giotto, illustrator of the Franciscan legend. Something has changed in Christendom and in Christian art, and if this profound alteration does not emanate from the religious renaissance it emanates from nowhere. Observe the frescoes of Pisa or Monreale, where the menacing god of the twelfth century appears on the dull gold of the domes like an Oriental despot, repulsing with a gesture of malediction the unhappy Christian humanity which no longer dared to lay its head upon His shoulder. Then consider the Christ of Giotto and Masaccio, the God of the Franciscans, walking among the flowers, compassionate for the multitude, cherishing the unpretentious and the poor. He is the God restored by Francis to the Church which had forgotten him. He is immanent in the lovely Umbrian land, the Galilee of Italy, in the Virgilian hills, the enchanted waters, the beautiful people all of which the divine pantheist assembled and reconciled to Him in his canticle of the sun. Before Francis, the medieval Christian might well avert his eyes, like Saint Bernard, from the dangerous beauty of woods and fountains, still haunted by sensual phantoms; from the enervating melancholy of mountains and solitary lakes. The melody of water was like the laughter of girls bathing; the white birch was very lovely as it

leaned to its reflection in lonely pools, but from a little distance its beauty was that of nudity.

When music sounds, then changest thou
Its silvery to a sultry fire:
Nor will thine envious heart allow
Delight untortured by desire.

Francis came, and all this complex and ferment of unnatural desire and unnatural austerity was reconciled and stilled. Men worked and created; they loved and worshiped with tranquil hearts. Giotto, the Pisani, the early humanists like Pico and Ficino, harmonized successfully the antique beauty of nature with salvation by the Gospel. Auroral lights ran from cupola to campanile because in sun-intoxicated Umbria a beloved voice had repeated the evangelic affirmation: "I have come that you may have life, and that you may have it more abundantly."

CHAPTER XII

OF ART AND THE CHURCH

I CAN see a connection between the renaissance of Christian art in the Middle Ages and the result of the year 1000 which uncertainly ushers in the medieval period. Glauber, a chronicler, writing in 1050 of the events which took place in his childhood, has this to say: "It was as if the world, shaking off its old tatters, hastened to clothe itself in the white vestures of the Church." After 1000 European art was like one of those newborn babies, deposited by poor women of the Middle Ages in the baskets swinging in church-porches, and who afterward grow up about the sanctuary and in the shadow of the cloister. In the homeless turmoil of that chaotic period, the artist, all uncertain of his own power and his own future, turned to the Catholic Church as to a foster-mother, and she became his only home.

For an obvious reason architecture was the first art patronized by the Church. She was obliged to find buildings in which to house her sacraments and ceremonies. "All religious buildings," says the same Glauber, "all cathedrals, parish churches,

village chantries, were transformed by the faithful after 1000 into something better." This "something better" was the architectural form we call the Romanesque. To trace briefly its development it is necessary to go back a little.

The first Christian churches were merely extensions of Latin dwelling-houses and public buildings, particularly the Roman law court or basilica. The latter was a long, simplified building with a flat ceiling and very little window space due to the heat and sunniness of the Latin climate. The monks who occupied these edifices simply rounded the far end into a choir, elevating it from the long nave by a flight of steps. In this raised sanctuary was placed the high altar, partly closed in by columns, the whole imitated, in all probability, from examples in pagan temples. What they had then was an authentic Christian church expressed in noble form. The most impressive examples of the basilica church to be found in Europe are Sant' Apollinare and San Vitale, both in Ravenna, the latter containing that mosaic of the Empress Theodora and her court so admired by Mr. Clive Bell. There are those for whom the Church has never improved upon the basilica with its naked and superb finality. Enter some dark afternoon, when the church is still unlighted, St. Paul the Apostle's in New York City, and see how grand and complete can be even the suggestion of this earliest

Christian architecture long before all the fioretti of subsequent styles were so much as dreamed of.

Romanesque really added nothing to this fundamental form save, perhaps, the rounded arch, the campanile, or tall thin tower, and the often elaborately sculptured portal. The Romanesque churches stayed low in height, thanks to the builder's fear of instability. This is the structural reason why Romanesque fails to "soar" and "aspire heavenward," to adopt the somewhat sentimental vocabulary of Gothic enthusiasts. One also likes to think that there was something charitable and humble in the very principle of those adorable Italian churches which kept them close to the earth, knit with their children. Like the Daughter of Syon in the Song of Songs, they are dark but comely. The Gothic style never flourished in Italy, and when the first Renaissance dawned in the peninsula about 1300, the Romanesque churches took on a fresh life, a new spring. The artists and decorators of the new age, still profoundly Christian in their instincts, took the exteriors and caused them to bloom in soft and temperate colors, like the façades of the Duomo and Santa Maria Novella at Florence, those gracious milk-white fronts, crisped and dappled with a new and unearthly foliage. This is the charmed and too ephemeral moment in the Italian Renaissance, so far as architecture is concerned.

In the meantime, during the thirteenth century, in France and England, a revolution in Christian architecture had taken place. The Gothic was born. Its essential difference from the style which in western Europe it superseded is the ogive, or pointed arch, substituted for the rounded one. The Romanesque churches had at the outset plain flat ceilings, supported by heavy pillars. If, instead, you have your arches come to a point, and then multiply them indefinitely on and on, the eye is always being charmed and coaxed onward and upward; if you substitute for rounded windows, the one purpose of which is sufficient light, tall tapering ones blazing with colored glass, or completing the edifice with a glowing corolla, a mystic rose—it is obvious that you achieve an effect of aerial vastness and mysterious color which wholly dazzled the thirteenth century, and has, at intervals, enchanted humanity ever since. That famous "aspiration" is more than half achieved by a perilous geometrical device as elementary as that of a conjurer. Externally, in place of a roof as simple in its outline as that of a cottage, you cause your roof to be denticulated by a multiplicity of pinnacles and spires, and you obtain a general effect unparalleled in its delicacy in spite of the dangers to structure. This is what Gothic did; it combined a net impression of incomparable grandeur with a fascinating captiousness of detail. But it was too

good to last. The Greek temple and Roman church had, after all, contained the secret of their structural stability. The Gothic church depended upon props. The appearance of the crutch called the flying buttress marked the beginning of the end. Those flamboyant, or late Gothic churches of the fifteenth century, are almost embarrassing in the slenderness of their structure, and, as some one has said, the Gothic was not so much superseded by the classic revival as crushed by its own inherent frailty.

Sculpture and painting, the next two arts taken up by the Church, were for some time neglected in the Romanesque and Gothic periods. This can be partly explained by the needs of construction. The earlier churches were too dark, and the later ones too much preoccupied in utilizing structurally every available inch of space to afford any scope for decoration. The Gothic church, however, afforded certain prized opportunities for the medieval sculptor, called in France the *imagier*. One of its objects was a richly crowded exterior decorated with the freest hand so long as the decorations were in relief. Under the transparent disguise of religion, almost everything, short of actual blasphemy, was permitted to the *imagier*, and the result was a fantastic, and often outrageous, encyclopedia in stone, the dominant note of which was realistic. Birds, beasts, flora; natural history, science, satire,

fantasy; human traits, human passions and human aberrations—everything was depicted with an enormously vital and often diabolic verve. In one thing only is this naturalistic sculpture inferior to the Greek, and that is possibly the absence of serenity, partially due to the fact that it was necessarily a sculpture of draped figures, and the depiction of nudity was forbidden it. But it lacks nothing in vitality, courage and the sense of life. "This is the worship of Priapus, in which nothing comes amiss, or is to be staggered at, however sensual, for all things are but varied manifestations of life . . . in valleys amid vineyards and fountains, among which 'often the voices of fauns and of gods are heard.'" Nothing disconcerts the *imagier,* not even the supposed sanctity of his mission, and he does not shrink from representing on the portals of the Gate of Heaven the incestuous amours of the patriarch Lot and the silly misdeeds of the Cities of the Plain.

With the Franciscan renaissance, described in the last chapter, plastic art abandoned the portals and entered the sanctuary itself. Giotto and his friends were not deterred from depicting beside the very altar the earthly pilgrimage of the God-Man in a style for which it is hard to find adequate words, a style simple, homely, popular, realistic, and yet, in the last analysis, so unutterably moving. Remember that, all things considered, Giotto was

not only the greatest of painters; he was also practically the first, and that the problem confronting him and his successors was not simple. It was, in a word, "how to bring heaven down to earth without making earth itself seem too heavenly." Painting, still like a child in the cloisters, had to embody emotions wholly unexpressed and perhaps unknown to Greece or Rome. In the meantime, Christianity had come with its emphasis on suffering and aspiration; the Middle Age had come with its reverie, its dizzy yearning and its perilous achievement. All that had to be expressed. In attempting its expression the painters of the first Renaissance in Italy continued the humanizing apostolate of Francis and restored religion to the people. God was again made man, and then, with the discovery of the classics, it began to dawn in the medieval mind that man too might be a god. The Almighty, says the Psalmist, takes no delight in any man's legs; but, in the intention of the fourteenth century painters, man should; and he did. The same painter was obliged to depict Venus weeping for her lost lover and Mary weeping for her lost Son; and he did both with an equal and amorous ardor. Something unexpected and, it might be thought, undesired by the Church was disclosed, and that was the beauty of nudity, the nobility of the body of man. What began in candid piety culminated in the classic adoration of anatomy. And what did

the Church, the patron of the plastic arts, do at this juncture? The modern and the ill-informed (often the same thing) would like to tell us, and often do tell us, that the Church at once withdrew her skirts and fulminated in reprobation. As a matter of fact, she did nothing of the sort. The Church was then the true Catholic Church, still in her full vigor of mental and spiritual health, and not merely the most ancient and impressive of modern puritan sects. Wavering perhaps on the verge of decadence as she was, she had not, at that date, thrown off one of her most illustrious gifts; namely, the holy spirit of art. Accordingly, she continued to be the chief patron of painting and sculpture, and Michelangelo, who combined both expressions, and is perhaps the most daring and almost insane exponent of anatomy for its own sake, was employed by three successive popes.

It is fascinating to watch the synthesis, or conflict, of two opposing things—the pagan serenity and the Christian aspiration—in the canvases of certain of these painters. Benozzo Gozzoli intends in all good faith to tell the story of the Magi, the three eastern kings who came a long way to worship the infant Christ, but it is really the story which interests him more than the Epiphany, and, finally, it is the costumes and play of expression and play of bodies which interest him even more than the story. Yet what priest so unreasonable as to scold

him for that exquisite odyssey of mountain-pass and bushy dell and trim meadow; of negro king and delightful perky page-boy; of fantastic processional and charming color? It is a whole galleon of delicious, puerile experience; it is his own genius, so original, sparkling and childlike, that he comes to throw at the feet of a Child-God. Donatello happens to love the human body as much as any Greek in the days of Pericles, and the representation of all that Florentine expressiveness, slender muscularity, charm and color he so much loved goes for what? . . . For the service of the Church in whose honor he casts one of his friends as the patron-saint of merry England, while the nearest apprentice he immortalizes as the adolescent David, poet-king of the Catholic liturgy. And Correggio? . . . To this day, popular religious illustration, even as it is turned out *ad nauseam* by the machine-made imagination of our poor modern Romanists, dates from that amazing virtuoso who peopled his own Parma, the valley of violets, with wonderful girls and boys. The Church accepted it all—robust animal realism, freakish genius, yes, and even the equivocal yearning and mystery of a Sodoma or a Botticelli, because these artists offered up what was most native in them for the love of God who has given us the priceless gift of beauty that marks us out from the beasts who perish. Leonardo's John the Baptist is a twin-brother to

his Bacchus, a faun from the Syrian deserts, one of those figures from a remote mythology seen with horror by Saint Anthony. (*"Satyrs be somewhat like men, but with horns on the forehead."*) Can the word "Repent" on those smiling lips be anything but a paradox? Who knows? There is always something ambiguous and unanswered in this strange and compelling art which is its most vital element, its enduring charm.

All this time the Church had her own inherent art to which all these things—architecture, painting, sculpture,—were accessory, a liturgical and musical symbolism inseparable from her chief ceremony—the Mass. It may be necessary at this point to explain once more what the Mass is.

Its roots are in the New Testament. In the Gospels, Jesus, "the night in which He was betrayed, took bread and wine, and gave them to His disciples saying: 'This is My Body. This is My Blood. Eat and drink This in remembrance of Me.' "

It is because Christ told His Church to do what He had done that the Mass exists. The rite, as we have indicated earlier in this book, loomed, at the earliest date, as the chief among the Church's Sacraments, the center of the whole Catholic system. Gradually throughout the Middle Ages, rising to a climax in the century of Thomas Aquinas, the whole religious and æsthetic

genius of Catholicism revolved about and concentrated in this supreme Sacrifice as, in Raphael's fresco, the entire congregation of popes, kings, emperors, prelates and artists gather in about a bare table on which is enshrined a luminous Host.

Nothing then in the symbolism of the Church can be explained without reference to the conviction expressed in the Mass that God incarnates Himself in bread, as formerly He clothed Himself in flesh. The words of the Gospel: "Let these stones become bread," are all but literally fulfilled. Cathedrals rise to house fittingly a Wafer; the stone becomes bread; the bread becomes God. The incarnation and passion of Jesus are completed and perpetuated by a third mystery—His *transsubstantiation* into the humblest and most popular of human symbols. To-day, to-morrow, forever, the divine drama is enacted in the church. The latter, cold and inanimate creature of stone, is warmed, transfigured, and itself almost transsubstantiated by the unending miracle played within its walls. It becomes a living organism, a suffering body, a man. The nave, extending its two arms, is Jesus on the Cross; in the distant choir inclining ever so little from the nave, you see His Sacred Head drooping in Its ultimate agony, while mistily the Precious Blood is purple in the deeps of the painted windows.

In turn, the liturgical drama is elaborated in

accord with the natural one enacted outside by the sun and the seasons. "Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground, and die, it shall not bring forth fruit." In late autumn, at the moment when the sower scatters his seed in the sere earth, God buries Himself in a human body. The seed, at once God and Man, grows up through the weary winter months; God in Man suffers and dies. Then with the time of lilies, the return of spring, it issues triumphantly from the tomb. And at last, in the time of harvest, ripened by the divine ray which penetrated it from the beginning, it ascends like the Virgin at her Assumption. (15 Aug.)

Unerringly, and with a genius which touches the soul, the Church accompanies this tremendous drama of nature and spirit in her liturgical year. The latter has been compared to one of those medieval diadems, studded with jewels and crystals which are "the Proper of the Season," in other words, her ceremonies and above all her music—"the only coronet chiseled in a metal sufficiently precious, an art adequately pure, to place itself upon the brows of a God."

The liturgical year commences about the first of December with the four Sundays of Advent, a time of preparation for the birth of Christ on Christmas Day. Shortly before Christmas are sung at Vespers those great Antiphons which appear to concentrate, like the salt of tears, all the yearning

and plaintive expectation of the time. . . . *"O Sapientia, O Wisdom from on High, reaching from end to end, and sweetly disposing all things, come and teach us the way of prudence. . . . O King of the Nations and Desired One, come and save Thy child whom Thou hast formed out of the slime."* . . . The climax of Advent is Christmas itself, birthday of the Divine Child and the Christian Church, and yet that ineffable note of longing, dominant in the Advent music is not quenched; it can still be heard in one of the most exquisite Hymns of the Breviary, the *Jesu Redemptor* for the Vespers of Christmas, a melody, plaintive, delicate, infinite in its suggestion and vague pathos, like the fall of snowflakes as they seem to lapse in the voices of boys.

Remember O Creator Lord,
That in the Virgin's spotless womb
Thou wast conceived, and in her flesh
Thou didst our frailty assume.

After an interval, unroll the violet-colored Sundays of Lent when the organs are silent, and no bells or glorias may be heard. And then, just as all nature seems to withhold yet a moment her fruition, we are in Holy Week, ushered in with palms, "while on the tender sky a red cross is seen, and solemn shouts and cries of despair pro-

claim the scarlet Hymn of Prudentius, the *Vexilla Regis Prodeunt.*" There follow the somber nights when Tenebræ, the Office of Shadows, is chanted in churches, unadorned and almost unlighted in honor of the divine Suffering, when between each psalm one of the candles is extinguished, its smoke evaporating under the arches, while the choir utters that marvelous phrase which awakened the despairing admiration of Mozart: *O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, turn again to the Lord thy God.*

Two days later and all is changed. The Mass of Holy Saturday, the most exquisite service of the year, is chanted in an atmosphere of subdued joy in which is still the accent of tears; the Easter *Alleluia* is again heard for the first time in a twelvemonth. Indeed the Gregorian music, on this occasion, assumes a Gothic gayety, borrows in this *Alleluia* and in the carol, *O Filii et Filiæ,* the popular rhythms of the crowd, suggests, as Huysmans said, "the sculptured merriment of ancient porches." On Pentecost, Feast of the Holy Spirit, forty days later, it becomes again solemn and pensive. The vestments of the priests, seen from the far end of a long nave, smolder under the altar lights like red coals under tongues of fire, and one hears again the majestic *Veni Creator* and the sequence *Veni Sancte Spiritus* whose rhythm contains a pulsation like that of flames. Finally, at the culmination of the year, at the mo-

ment when spring becomes summer, there is celebrated the great Feast of the Sacrament, Corpus Christi, a white and golden festival wherein is concentrated, in a pæan of thanksgiving and worship, the central dogma of the Church, her affirmation that Jesus Christ is incarnate and enthroned in nature, in the humblest fruits of the earth, bread and wine.

A marvelous symbolism, doubtless, an incomparable fund of art, the Church possessed in her great age. To-day, certain of its forms persist, but they are almost everywhere neglected or abused. "To him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he had." I have said enough to indicate, for instance, that I regard the Gregorian music, that anonymous treasury of melody, as perhaps Catholicism's greatest claim to æsthetic greatness. "Born of the Church, and bred like one of her own children in the choir-schools of the Middle Ages, plain chant is the mobile and aerial paraphrase of the cathedrals, the fluid interpretation of the canvases of early painters." Ask any Catholic what has happened to the Gregorian chant in our time, and you will be met with blank stares. It is still sung, he will say. Yes, it is still sung, that is, it is either treated as a great bore to be gotten through somehow, or as an antiquated toy to be rendered so artificially as to rob it of all vitality; or it is officially bellowed in a manner that

suggests gargling; or it is ignored altogether. That, in a few words, is what the modern Catholic Church has done with the chief of its inherent arts. What the modern Catholic really loves in the way of religious music are vaudeville and nigger-minstrel tunes. In a recent Catholic periodical, a writer referred regretfully to that glorious *Veni Creator* for Pentecost sung to the air of De Koven's *O Promise Me;* to a *Salutaris,* a hymn to the Sacrament, that is to say, to Jesus Christ, sung to the tune of *Let Me Inhale the Fragrant Breath That Round Thy Lip is Playing,* etc. Sometimes the priest in the Mass, having finished the Consecration, is obliged to halt the Sacrifice until some miserable old woman in the singers' gallery has completed her warbling of some musical piggery. Such is Catholic art in the Catholic Church of our time. At one end of the scale you have the thirteenth century which I have just very faultily been attempting to sketch in its architecture, sculpture, painting and music, and at the other, the vile sexless indecencies of Barclay Street and the modern Catholic musicastor who, in his special sphere, seems to me no less vile. It is, let us admit, a somewhat melancholy anti-climax for the Church of Gregory the Great and Francis, of Giotto and Palestrina. What is the reason? Paganism, Protestantism, Catholic Reaction, Jesuitism, persecution, machinery? It is

impossible, in a chapter of this scope, to say. But I believe that a Church which has once evolved such an art, such supreme liturgical and musical affirmations, cannot be dead forever in the sphere of these things. One morning Catholic art will rise again for those who have been hopelessly watching its tomb.

The Catastrophe

[1300-1800]

CHAPTER XIII

DECADENCE

Under the grand pontificate of Innocent III, patron of the Franciscan movement, the Catholic Church was at the height of its prestige. His immediate successors were men of similar temper, and as the great century drew to an end, the influence of the popes stayed fixed and supreme. Their greatest triumph in the realm of politics was the extinction of their old enemies, the Hohenstaufen emperors of Germany who had hemmed them in from north and south, from Lombardy and the Two Sicilies. When poor little Corradino perished on the scaffold in 1268 and Clement IV gave away his Sicilian patrimony to Charles of Anjou, Saint Louis' bad brother, Cæsar did not venture to rock the boat of Peter for nearly three hundred years. When the attack came, as it shortly did, it came from a very different and eminently orthodox quarter, the country of the canonized King of France. The great medieval Empire, planned by Charlemagne and Barbarossa, shrank into mere Austria, ruled by a meek Hapsburg by the grace of the popes (1273). The popes desired no unity save

the moral unity they had done so much to create in Europe. On the religious side, this unity was for a moment completely realized when Gregory X in 1274 had the satisfaction of seeing the two Catholic families of East and West, the Latin and Greek Churches, united for a moment at his footstool. Never had the Papacy seemed stronger or more popular than in 1300, opening year of the new century, when Boniface VIII held the first of the Jubilees or Holy Years. And then, as at the stroke of an invisible signal, it began to decline, and the whole Church with it.

The subtle change in the European world which now begins is the change from the moral power of a theocratic super-state to the conflicting relationships of modern nationalism. Its climax is the Protestant Reform of the sixteenth century—in part, a nationalist revolt against the Latin supremacy of the south—and its catastrophe is the French Revolution, two centuries after—a movement which began with the universal rights of man and ended with the universal rights of Bonaparte, resisted only by an aged little Italian in a white cassock.

At the beginning of the fourteenth century, France and England were no longer half barbarian, or feudal countries. The Catholic and civilizing process had been going on for almost two centuries. In England the Norman and Angevin kings had

checked feudalism, inherited the first British Empire, organized a common law, neither Roman nor ecclesiastic, and recognized a more or less democratic Parliament· which already balanced nicely the power of the executive in a true coöperative state. France had won back most of her possessions from England, and now in the fine hands of Philip the Fair, Saint Louis' grandson, looked jealously across the Channel at Saint George and a little resentfully across the Alps at Saint Peter. Nationalism in its good and bad aspects, with its chevaliers and flags, its martyrs and superstitions, its Armageddons enduring a hundred years, its Jeanne d'Arcs and Queen Elizabeths, had already risen in the souls of these two countries to supersede the old medieval and Catholic unity which the popes had imposed for two hundred years. Boniface VIII was scarcely the man to keep this armed peace.

Whatever motives, fiscal or political, impelled the Pope, that first Jubilee of his in 1300 contained an element of powerful poetry. To convoke all Christendom to the birthday of a new and dubious century, to contemplate as supreme pastor all those thousands and thousands of representative souls come to kneel at the tombs of the Apostles, and this, above all, at a moment when the Church, at its climax, paused a dizzy moment, before its decline, was a grand act worthy of a better man.

There is no wonder that the Pope was carried away completely by his rôle. He allowed himself to be carried through this multitude, made up of every nation, the triple tiara on his head, preceded by heralds with golden trumpets who cried: "Here are two swords, the temporal and the spiritual; behold, O Peter, thy successor, and thou, O Christ, Thy Vicar who is above all kings."

The response of the kings to this challenge directed against their temporal power was alarmingly instantaneous. Philip the Fair had already excluded priests from the French judiciary and composed his parliament entirely of laymen. Considerably later, Edward III enacted the statutes of *Provisors* and *Præmunire* which deprived a papal legate of any administrative authority in the English Church. Dante wrote his thesis, *De Monarchia* in which he regretted the phantom of the Holy Empire and placed his hopes of social peace in the Austrian Cæsar instead of in the Italian Pope.

Meanwhile, a furious quarrel broke out between Boniface and Philip the Fair over the question of whether the French clergy should support the government by permitting their vast property to be taxed. Previous squabbles between Church and State had been nothing to this, for this was a disagreement over money and money meant more to the fourteenth century than to the preceding one. Money was particularly important to the grandson

of Saint Louis. He exacted a hundredth, then a fiftieth of the income of clergy and laity alike. Boniface protested in his encyclical *Clerecis Laicos* where, in the tone of Innocent III, he upheld the immunity of the Church from national interference of any sort, especially with the strong-box. Philip appealed to his Parlement for support, and the French Catholics in a first outburst of that "Gallican" spirit which some centuries later was to cost them dear, told him to go ahead and defy the Pope. Before Boniface could launch an excommunication, Nogaret, the King's agent in Italy and Colonna, an Italian *condottiere,* broke into the Pope's palace at Anagni, his native town. The bourgeois of Anagni rang the alarm bells, but unwilling or unable to resist, they too joined in the pillage. The pontiff, forewarned, awaited his tormenters with fortitude, arrayed in a white cope, the tiara of the jubilee on his head. Colonna and the man of law insulted and menaced him; the *condottiere* struck the old man repeatedly with his gauntlet. This is in 1303. Three years before he had been the Pope of the Holy Year who was above all kings. After three days the people of Anagni delivered him, but too late to save his reason. He was borne into the piazza weeping like a child. "If there be any good woman," he said humbly, "who will bestow on me bread and wine, or even a little water, I will give her God's blessing and mine."

Touched by the spectacle, the crowd too wept and cried: "'Long live the Holy Father.' . . . All could enter and speak with the Pope as with any poor man."

When Boniface died shortly after this, the most Christian King of France decided never again to incur the risk he had run in dislodging the cornerstone of Christian authority. He determined to have a pope of his own, so to speak, on his own ground. Then began, from 1305 to 1418, the so-called Babylonian captivity of the Papacy at Avignon, where the pontiffs, for the most part Frenchmen, elected by French cardinals, were at the complete disposition of the French King. The first of these was a timid scoundrel, Bertrand de Gott, Archbishop of Bordeaux, who took the name of Clement V. His first interview with his master is thus described by the historian Villani and suggests the concordat of an American boss with an influential heeler.

"They heard Mass together and mutually swore secrecy. . . . Then the king raised him, kissed his mouth, and said: 'The following are the special favors I have to ask of thee; that thou wilt thoroughly reconcile me with the Church, grant me the tithe of the French clergy for five years, anathematize the memory of Pope Boniface and in the creation of new cardinals remember certain friends of mine. As to the last favor, I reserve it for

another time and place, for it is a great and secret thing." This "great and secret thing" was nothing less than the destruction and murder of one of the greatest of medieval religious orders. The king coveted the vast wealth of the Temple, and acquired it by the simple expedient of burning the Templars on a strange charge.

The Order of the Holy Temple, a kind of military monasticism, dated from the first Crusades. It had undergone extreme hardships and performed excellent services in the Saracen wars, but even in those early days its besetting sin was stigmatized by Richard Cœur de Lion, who remarked when dying that he left his luxury to the Cluniacs and his *pride* to the Templars. After the Crusades became a dead issue, the order exemplified in Christendom the eternal crusade of the soul against temptation, the spiritual combat which the Christian wages to his last hour against the enemy within himself. It was thought that nothing too much could be done in the way of privilege and endowment for a body of men which had borne the burden and heat of the wars in the East. Consequently it was, in 1307, enormously wealthy, and affiliation with its ranks was sought by the greatest potentates, including Philip the Fair himself. Finally, the secrecy with which it was wrapped invested it with respect. The Templars were the Freemasons of the Middle Age, and their

initiations had all the attraction of a powerful secret society in which was mingled a vague but not unpleasant terror. It was said, for instance, that if the King of France found his way into the Temple uninvited, he would never find it out.

I have already suggested that the Catholic religion in the Middle Ages, far from being the rigid society it afterward became when it had been frightened by the Protestant revolt, was, on the contrary, extremely elastic. The long indulgence accorded to the Albigensian heresy, the bold speculations of the Paris schoolmen, the freedom of conscience and joyous individualism created by the Franciscan movement are so many separate strains indicating a far greater liberty of thought and action within the Church than is generally admitted. There is a hint of this eclecticism in the mystical epic of the Graal Quest, the shadowy intimation of a Church within a Church and also beyond it, a hidden and secret church of the initiate, a church of the Spirit. It is supposed that the Templars profited by this comparative freedom and abused it. There was, really, a great danger in the pride of the Temple Order, both for the Church, and, ultimately, for itself. There was danger that the neophyte might expect from the Order the revelation of a Christianity different from that offered by the Church of the crowd, or even a different religion. It is even supposed that

the ambiguous Gnosticism, crushed in the crusade against the Albigeois, survived in this occult community, this dark sanctuary hidden behind the official altar. All this and worse was, at any rate, dragged into the light, thanks to the ingenuity of Philip the Fair's torturers, and though little confidence can be given to confessions extorted by torture, it was precisely in England, where torture was not employed against the Templars, that the most disconcerting revelations came to light.

Human nature does not essentially change in its various social revolutions, especially in a body of celibates, half monks, half soldiers, exposed to the temptations of a distant country, a country of slaves whose religion does not exclude the worship of the senses and the utmost exaction of pleasure. The supernatural chivalry of the Templars, their too pure and cold ideal, was not made to sustain them after the failure of the Crusades; left without a mission in the world, they had nothing to fortify them but their excessive pride. And this pride concealed strange impulses, fantastic passions. . . . The associations of a male chivalry, the contempt of women, the age-long contact with the burning and tolerant East, where everything is permitted, worked havoc with the reputation of the Order. In England the boys had an unprintable saying regarding the Templars which they called out publicly to each other in the street.

It was not, of course, because of mutual prostitution and blasphemy that Philip the Fair, followed by other princes, suppressed the Order, but because it was too rich, and the result of the suppression was the income from nine thousand manors which reverted to the state. The most tragic element in this case is that it was once more the Church slain by the Church. In the affair of Boniface VIII the French bishops had followed the King against their spiritual father. The Temple, denounced by the clergy, was finally abolished by the pope. This suicide of Catholic Christendom is nowhere so manifested as in the almost insane lamentations of Dante. Everything in which men had believed — papacy, empire, chivalry, the crusade—seem to be traveling down the same black road to dissolution. The true Middle Ages are already over in the fourteenth century.

CHAPTER XIV

GERSON

THE time has come in this history for a little comic relief, and the latter is abundantly supplied by the extraordinary doings connected with the so-called Babylonish Captivity of the popes at Avignon, followed by its stranger sequel, the great Schism. We have seen the French Vicar of Christ, Clement V, taking up his residence in the enervating city on the Rhône at the bidding of Philip the Fair, meekly anathematizing the memory of his predecessor, sacrificing the Templars, and behaving in general as a pontifical valet to the House of France. From Clement's pontificate to the return of Gregory XI to Rome, seventy years later, seven French popes "ruled from the wind-swept heights, and in the sunburnt, luxurious palace of this false Rome." Several of them were good men, but their situation neutralized their personal holiness by identifying them with the Valois monarchy, a connection which lowered immeasurably the respect due to the Papacy as an international force. In the meantime, the true Rome lay deso-

late and neglected, or became the battlefield for the visions of poets like Petrarch and of operatic tribunes like Rienzi.

In 1338 broke out a hundred years' struggle between the two first nationalist states of Europe, France and England, over a variety of sonorous causes, but, in reality, over wool. Love of money and murder for its sake seem to be the keynotes of the mercantile fourteenth century. The outbreak of the Hundred Years' War completed the embarrassment of the Avignonese popes. They were in the position of hired servants to one European power, and against this power half Europe was arrayed, England and the English Church at the head. Their impulse now was to escape from Avignon, "the exceeding high mountain," where they had yielded to temptation for the sake of a little ease. An exquisite apparition of the late Middle Ages, Saint Catherine of Siena, appeared like an angel of peace in their voluptuous palace on the banks of the Rhône, entreating the Pope to return to his patrimony and be again the father of all Christians. Gregory XI yielded, and on January 15, 1377, sailed up the Tiber to Saint Paul's on the Ostian Way, where the great Apostle had been slain, and so entered the eternal town. The Pontifical Mass was again chanted at the Lateran, mistress and mother of churches, amid the world's applause. One year later the Pope

died, and his death opened an immediate way to the great Schism. Although a successor to the dead Pope was at once elected, the same cardinals who had elected him assembled a little later and bestowed the Papacy upon a disreputable soldier-priest, Robert of Geneva, who returned to Avignon. There were now two supreme pontiffs, an Italian and a French, recognized by the various European powers in accordance with their political sympathies. For France and her immemorial ally, Scotland, the true Vicar of Christ was Robert of Geneva at Avignon. For all who took sides against France in the war the true Pope was at Rome and the best Catholic opinion has since rallied to that view.

It was generally believed that the disasters of the war were a judgment on France for having introduced schism by the Captivity, and continued it by the recognition of Robert of Geneva. Peace then was the obvious remedy, peace in the Church between Rome and Avignon, by a simultaneous retirement of both claimants; European peace between France and England. This was the consummation universally desired and on the lips of every one, even the French. Michelet says that it was the common family prayer taught of an evening by mothers to their little ones. Nowhere is this longing more manifested than in the sermons and remarkable personality of a great French

priest, Jean Gerson, Rector of the Sorbonne, or University of Paris, who was to play a commanding rôle in the Counciliar movement which is the subject of this chapter. With what lyricism he celebrates the great gift of peace in one of those hopeful intervals when it was believed that both Popes would retire:

"Allons, allons, sans attarder,
Allons de paix le droit sentier.

Lift up your hearts, my brothers. Give yourselves up in contemplation of the glorious gift of peace. *"Veniat pax!"*

France and England were easier to reconcile than was the Papacy. The English may not have desired concord, but their King did; at least Richard II signed, in 1396, a truce with France for twenty-eight years. Then the European princes turned their attention to the Schism. By rights it should have terminated two years before, in 1394, when the French Pope, Robert of Geneva, died. At once the French King, Charles VI, wrote to the cardinals at Avignon to suspend election, but they paid no attention and proceeded to elect a hard-headed Spanish prelate, Pedro de Luna, who became Benedict XIII, making many voluble promises that he would retire just as soon as the peace of the Church made retirement possible. In the meantime, the Roman malcontents picked out

an aged Venetian, Gregory XII, who also pledged himself to abdicate at the proper moment. The difficulty was that neither Pope would take the first step. The Schism merely received a fresh lease of life.

Then began the extraordinary diplomatic odyssey of Benedict XIII at Avignon. A solemn embassy, headed by the French King's uncles, the Dukes of Berry, Burgundy and Orleans, and accompanied by a learned doctor of the Sorbonne, repaired to Avignon to wheedle the Pope into keeping his promises. He responded admirably, protesting that abdication and the peace of the Church were closest to his heart. For all that, he showed no signs of retiring. After wearing out the princes with fine words, he got rid of them by the simple expedient of burning the bridge connecting Avignon with Villeneuve-le-Pape, where they were staying. The Pope promised to rebuild the bridge, but he never did, and the princes, disliking the prospect of daily conferences by ferry, gave up the struggle and left the Pope master of the field. In Italy also the aged Venetian gave every indication of living to a hundred.

To increase the misery of Christendom, the Hundred Years' War was now resumed. The English King, Richard II, was unexpectedly dethroned by his cousin, Bolingbroke, and the new dynasty of Lancaster renewed the cruel struggle

with France this time to the death. France had introduced the Schism; she had failed to repair it; very well, she must pay the price for disrupting Christendom by becoming an English province. So argued that fox-hunting Anglican hero, Henry V, and the nationalist English Church, with her usual disregard for the general interest, patriotically followed suit. Shakespeare has hit off the selfishness of the English clergy admirably in the opening scene of his war play, *Henry V*. Peace which had seemed to dawn a moment was further away than ever. "She could not compose the affairs of Europe, for she did not dwell in men's hearts; never were they less pacific, more distracted and divided by pride, violent passions and mutual hates."

The European powers were now engaged in tearing each other's throats and had no time to devote to healing the Schism, so it was the turn of the Church to heal itself. Langenstein, a German theologian at the Sorbonne, in his *Concilium Pacis,* written years before, had suggested an assembly of the whole Church to decide between the two rival Popes. Both old men were now reduced to the status of fugitives wandering up and down their respective maps, Benedict XIII in southern France, Gregory XII in the Peninsula. The Council of Pisa, which convened in the solemn Duomo of that city March 25, 1409, was the

first manifestation of the Counciliar Movement to supersede the Papal Supremacy. Its heart and soul was the French priest, Gerson. It was he who advanced the doctrine that the Catholic Church could exist independently of a Pope, and that the latter should be subject to General Councils, similar to those of Nicea, Ephesus and the others in the fourth and fifth centuries. In short, the Papal Supremacy was no longer held the corner-stone of the Church's Catholicity. How important is this novel point of view expressed by Gerson need not be pointed out. The claim to a real Catholicity on the part of non-Roman Churches to-day, the Greek, the Anglican, etc., rests on no other basis, and Gerson, good Catholic as he was, prepared, in a doctrinal sense, the Protestant revolt more than a century later. The Council of Pisa deposed simultaneously the two old rivals, and elected a Greek Franciscan, Alexander V, in their place. Then occurred an unexpected and comic dilemma. Both the old Popes refused to resign. As if two Popes were not bad enough, there were now three, and this was all that was accomplished by the Council of Pisa.

Gerson had momentarily failed, but undismayed he worked on, preparing the great Council of Constance, which was "to bind the hands of the chief, recognized as infallible, and proclaim him supreme head of the Church which reserved the right to

judge him." The result of his labors, which assembled in the little city of Constance November 4, 1414, was something more than an ecumenical council; it was a glowing pageant of the Middle Age in embryo. Church and State stood there arrayed in an unforgettable splendor, enhanced by the full sunset of an era which was going down in darkness, offset by a secular magnificence. One hundred thousand persons poured into the small town. There were present cardinals and bishops rustling in scarlet, purple and cloth-of-gold copes, Oriental patriarchs, mitered abbots, doctors of the canon law, generals of the mendicant orders, and, to cap the spectacle, the new holy Roman Emperor in his apostolic robes, holding the scepter and the globe which symbolized the inheritance of Cæsar, the whole civilized world. "It was a fair, a camp, a forum of debate, diversified with ceremonial as august as Roman and medieval tradition could prescribe."

During the fourth session, Cardinal Zabarella proclaimed the famous decree which declared the Council superior to the pope. Two of the three Popes were deposed, and the remaining one, the aged Venetian, was induced to resign. A neutral, Martin V, was elected, gave the Council his formal approval, and then dissolved it with a sigh of relief on April 22, 1418. Captivity and Schism were alike at an end. As for the old warhorse, Benedict

XIII, who had already run kings and councils such a race, he refused to accept the degree of deposition, and withdrew into a Spanish fort, where he braved the Council, judged his judges, saw them pass away as he had seen so many others, and died unconquered at nearly a hundred years of age.

After the Council, Gerson retired to Lyons, a city, says Michelet, which, with its somber streets that scaled the sky, was a better place of retreat than any solitude of the Tyrol. "Here he expiated by monastic docility his long domination over the Church, enjoying the happiness of obeying, the peace of having no longer a will of his own." It is said that in the latter years of his life he could bear only the company of young children. With them he forgot scholasticism, and learned simplicity. "Simplicity and purity," says the *Imitation,* "are still two wings by which we can raise ourselves above the world."

Peace was thus restored to the Church, but not the purity it had forfeited during this edifying period. The new line of popes continued to live quietly at Rome, modernizing the city and preparing there an appropriate setting for the classical Renaissance in its full summer-tide. At the same time with an equal discretion they had an eye to the enlargement of their State, determined that never again they should be reduced to the position

they had occupied during the Captivity. The temporal power also took a new lease of life during this period. Martin V and his successors, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, prepared the domination of the Borgias and theirs at the century's close.

The Middle Age was definitely at an end. France and England had emerged from the Hundred Years' War absolute monarchies, modern states. The most characteristic creation of medievalism, the Gothic church, was expiring like a charming but elderly coquette, surrounded by all the wildest extravagances of devotion. There is a great charm in these flamboyant churches at Bourg and elsewhere, but it is the charm of languor and ruin; all vitality has exhausted itself and fled from those fantastic forms. Medieval art, rejected and weary, rallies itself in a final effort, and raises its own tomb in the Church of Brou. It is not merely Philibert and Marguerite of Savoy who sleep in that long marble shroud; it is a whole four hundred years, the ancient faith, the lost love, all the hopes and poetry of the past.

CHAPTER XV

THE BORGIAS

"Behold I bring a flood of waters upon the earth . . . O Italy, O Rome, I am going to deliver you into the hands of a folk who will efface you among the peoples. I see them descending from the mountains like lions a-hungered."

So prophesied Savonarola from the pulpit of the Duomo at Florence in 1481, and four years later, on the 31st of December, 1484, a French army under Charles VIII entered and occupied the Holy City. The defile of troops was so prolonged that it ended after nightfall in the light of flambeaux. They had come, ostensibly to support a French claim over the two Sicilies against the Spaniards, but actually to annex the whole peninsula to the French power, and this with the encouragement of many Italians who saluted the French King as the moral deliverer of Italy from a pagan renaissance and a pagan pope. The latter, Alexander VI (Borgia), a handsome, affable man of fifty, watched with extreme uneasiness the passing of the deliverer from the port-holes of Hadrian's tomb.

The Borgias were of Spanish origin. One of them, Calixtus III, had amassed an immense fortune for the purpose of a crusade which never came off. This fortune passed to his nephew, Cardinal Roderigo Borgia, who was thus enabled to purchase the pontifical throne which he ascended as Alexander VI.

During the previous two centuries the control of the popes, both over the Church and over their own little Roman State, had suffered almost irreparably by their captivity in France, and the succeeding breach in Catholicism known as the great Schism. A new era had begun with the election of Martin V at Constance in 1418. From Constance to the sack of Rome in 1527 is almost a hundred years. It was the era of triumphant nationalism in politics, of the high Renaissance in the arts; the era of Machiavelli and Michelangelo. During this century the popes took the step of consolidating their position as sovereigns in Italy by extending the papal State through every means, fair and foul. At the same time the contrast between their official character as heads of the Church and their greed and immorality as Italian princes so shocked the European world, particularly in the north, that it is one of the contributing causes of the two reformations of the sixteenth century. The Spanish adventurer, Borgia, is usually taken as the culmination and monstrous

symbol of this political expansion and moral depth in the Papacy's history; so I have taken his name as a heading for this chapter.

His morals were, after all, not much worse than those of other cardinals, and he was sincerely devoted to the prosperity of the Church, at least in its financial aspect. This did not prevent him from showing a commendable attention to the prosperity of his own family, which was numerous. By his mistress, Donna Vanozza, he had four children, two of whom, the famous Cesare and Lucrezia, have been excessively celebrated in scandalous history like their parent. Cesare was cardinal-bishop, Duke of the Romagna, and Captain-General of the Church. Lucrezia was popular at Rome for her sweetness of disposition and her piety. The Pope himself was a religious man in his moments. He had a special devotion to purity, restricted to the person of the Blessed Virgin. It was he who instituted the custom, now all but universal, of saluting the Mother of Christ three times a day by ringing a church-bell and murmuring the salutation of the Angel Gabriel. Catholics owe this charming habit to the "monster" for whom they themselves have been as severe as any one. It would be curious to have seen the Holy Father, on his way to some sensuous banquet in the apartments of his pious daughter, arrested by the soft peal of a hundred church-bells

long enough to murmur: "O Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and in the hour of death."

This memorable pontificate came to crown an astonishing series of bad popes. Paul II, who disliked Greek literature, put to the torture several Roman academicians, suspected of having commented the dialogues of Plato. Fortunately he was the last of his breed, at least in this respect, for certain of his successors carried their enthusiasm for Greek morals to a point which would have astonished Alcibiades. Sixtus IV, a friar by origin of the Order of Saint Francis, closed the Vatican to women, and surrounded himself with pages and mignons. These youths, on attaining their majority, became bishops and cardinals, pastors of the Church. All these worthy pontiffs showed, moreover, a marked tenderness for their own progeny, and their great preoccupation was that of carving from the body of Italy principalities for their natural sons. So bent were they upon this business that insecurity and disorder increased daily in their own capital. At the death of Innocent VIII, Alexander's predecessor, violent crimes at Rome averaged a total of two hundred a fortnight. The new Pope had the merit of restoring a little decency to this inferno. He was severe upon crime, except those committed by his own children.

He was also one of the few men in Italy who

evinced any patriotic emotion at the invasion by the French. It has been suggested that the famous Lorenzo the Magnificent, tyrant of Florence, might have rallied his countrymen against the French, but Lorenzo had died two years before, 1484. Florence had fallen into the hands of a mad monk, Savonarola, who disinherited Lorenzo's three sons; dedicated the Republic to Christ; welcomed the French as moral crusaders; and heaping together the whole output of the Florentine Renaissance on which he could lay hand—paintings, manuscripts, busts—burned it in the public square. This sincere fanatic seems to have been mainly inspired by an insane hatred of the Borgia Pope. Alexander tolerated him a long while, as Leo X tolerated Luther, but when the French were safely out of the way, the disillusioned Florentines denounced him to the Inquisition, and he was burned as a rebel to the Holy See and a heretic. The first was true in a sense, but it was most unjust to burn him as a heretic. He was a very good Catholic, indeed; in his instinctive hatred of art he was a Catholic of quite a modern type.

The French and Savonarola out of the way, it was the turn of the Pope, or rather that of his formidable son, the unfrocked Cardinal of Valencia. And here it may be necessary to warn the reader against swallowing whole in the manner of that ingenuous and shallow historian, the late

J. A. Symonds, everything that was written about Alexander by retailers of clerical tittle-tattle, like Burchard and Infessura. In the first place, Alexander and his family had the most bitter personal enemies, from Cardinal della Rovere, the Pope's deadly rival and successor, down to the puritan Savonarola. In the second place, these diarists, these industrious scribes, were Renaissance writers with high literary pretensions and a craze for antiquity, a veritable itch to write as closely as possible, like the matchless Suetonius, the divine Dio. The great stock-in-trade of those worthy Latins had been the orgies, the enormities, the picturesque perversions of the Cæsars. Very good; if the good Don John Burchard, O.S.B., and the witty Infessura could not produce a pontiff as luxurious as Hadrian, an Apostle as depraved as Tiberius, they might as well throw away their impotent quills; posterity would have none of them, and the great Goddess of Fame would draw away from them her skirts. One could not survive in those lists without being in the most romantic sense a pretty good liar.

When all is said about premeditated exaggerations, it must be admitted, however, that the Pope Alexander VI and his cardinalitial creatures allowed nothing in heaven or earth to stand in the way of a good time. I have always rather liked

this description of a Roman holiday arranged by Pietro Riario, the papal "nephew," raised at twenty-six to the dignities of Cardinal Patriarch of Constantinople *in partibus infedelium* and Archbishop of Florence. The Piazza of the Holy Apostles was partitioned into apartments hung with white and crimson velvets. All the utensils were of silver down to the vilest. The air of this improvised banquet hall was refrigerated by punkas, and on a column in the center stood a boy, completely naked, his body sprinkled with a dust of gold, who poured cool water from an urn. During the dinner, Florentine mummers played an interlude representing Susanna and the Elders, alternating with the Diverting Attempt on the Chaste Joseph by the Wife of Potiphar and the Religious History of Saint John the Baptist and the Daughter of Herodias. The youthful but most eminent Cardinal-Archbishop moved among his guests with the hauteur of a Cæsar and the grace of a god.

Morally, the Papacy reached its nadir during this pontificate. Alexander was, after all, only a brilliant Italian *condottiere* who used the Church to accomplish his political and personal ends. He made his bastard a Cardinal and then unmade him; his daughter was regent of the Vatican. He gave the newly discovered America to the Spaniard, and through his son attempted to found a

Borgia dynasty in central Italy. He instituted the Angelus, and established the Censorship, with its corollary, the Index. He made a treaty with the Sultan of Turkey, and entertained the latter's nephew, Prince Djem, at Rome, where the Supreme Pontiff and the Moslem princelet with their respective harems held court side by side in the same palace. When Faenza was captured, in 1501, the two young Manfredi, Astorre and his brother, were sent on to Rome where rumor credited them with having endured the last outrages. "Astorre, che era minore di dicotto anni, e di forma eccelente . . . saziate la libidine di *qualcuno*." Whether the Pope or Cesare are intended is uncertain, perhaps both. The arts of murder and rapine have never been so nonchalantly exercised as by the younger Borgia. When the Pope's favorite irritated him he stabbed him while the unhappy youth clung for safety to the Pope's robes, and the blood from the blows repeated by Cesare spurted in the Pope's face. The next victim was his own brother, the young Duke of Gandia, whose body, perforated with wounds, was discovered in the Tiber by a fisherman and carried before the horrified father. Alexander was an impossible Pope, but he was not essentially a bad man. He refused food for three days, at the end of which he announced that he was a changed being and begged for the prayers of the curia.

But the same paternal feebleness which had been revolted by the murder caused him to forgive and take back the murderer. For a time the Christian Church was a fief in the hands of Cesare Borgia.

It is a striking moment, but only a moment. The story that Alexander died from the same poison he had prepared for several of his cardinals seems a little Elizabethan, but die he did, and the Papacy passed into the hands of his bitter enemy. Cesare was chased from Italy, and the House of Borgia never contributed another Pope, though it produced a distinguished saint, Francesco Borgia, General of the Jesuits.

Julius II was even a worse Christian than Alexander in that he loved nothing but war and fighting if it were not the Apollo Belvedere. He laid about him right and left, breathing wrath and fire, excommunicating persons and states at the slightest provocation and conducting the siege of Mirandola in person. This *pontifice terribile,* as the curia called him, was the Bonaparte of the Temporal Power. With the vanity of the born *parvenu* he wished to be buried in the largest church of Christendom hard by the tomb of his first predecessor, Saint Peter. Accordingly the old basilica, which thirty generations of Catholics had visited, was ruthlessly pulled down, and the Pope called upon the foremost classic architect,

Bramante, to build him a new and grandiose church. Without gifts, especially from the rich northwest, Bramante could never fulfill the Pope's mania for grandeur, and these gifts were sought by the system of indulgences, that is, pardons for sins committed in exchange for cash. "Questions of morals, finances, religion, national differences," says the Catholic historian, Barry, "were brought to a definite and dangerous burning-point by the indulgences sold to erect the new Saint Peter's."

Under Leo X, the successor, came the catastrophe. He was the youngest of the three Medici, expelled from Florence by Savonarola, a portly and pleasant gentleman, passionately devoted to the fine arts, especially that of living. Reformation was in the air, and since the popes were preoccupied with statues and *chefs* rather than with reform, the prospect shifted in the north to a rising wind of revolution. There the late medieval traffic in religious things, and especially the sale of indulgences, had produced the deepest disgust. It was Shaw, I think, who remarked that Anglo-Saxons prefer their salvation at the maximum of cheapness. All this rising rumor of trouble did not affect the urbane Leo. After the ceremonies of encoronation were over he took the arm of a cardinal and backer, remarking with a charming smile: "Well, dear son, since God has given Us

the Papacy, let Us enjoy it." This contentment was so profound as to be unperturbed by the advent of Luther. "Monks' quarrels," he said, when he learned that half Germany was irrevocably lost to the Catholic Church.

CHAPTER XVI

LUTHER

To complete the largest church in the world, Leo X had need of more funds, and to those who gave him money he accorded more indulgences. In 1517 a German monk named Martin Luther, professor of theology at the University of Wittenberg in Saxony, began by attacking the sale of indulgences, and ended by tearing down in north Germany the entire Catholic edifice of sacraments, priests, bishops and Papal Supremacy.

Before 1517 the Catholic Church had not faced any very serious opposition in the West. The intransigence of feudal princes, like the German Cæsars and Philip the Fair, did not involve religion. Heresies like the Hussite and Lollard movements in the fourteenth century were local in character, and with the aid of the civil power, were put down with relative ease. The most formidable of them, the Albigensian Church, was deeply infected with elements that were not Christian at all. But in the Lutheran movement the Church had to face an opposition, backed by the civil power, which

protested against her in the name of her own founders. In fact, Protestantism may be defined as a Christian heresy.

Luther was its first voice. He was of peasant stock, a monk in his teens, and his point of departure was an extremely morbid anxiety about his own soul. From his cloister he looked out to see how other people in Germany carried it off, and what he saw was a panorama of masses, pilgrimages, processions, relic-mongering, pardon-mongering, sounding brass and tinkling cymbals, empty shows and hollow acts. He felt all the disgust for the fringes and accidents of Catholicism experienced by a man attempting rather vainly to achieve what William James called a religion of healthy mindedness. The only thing that mattered, according to Luther, was an immediate relationship of the soul with Christ; this he called "justification by faith." All the externals of Catholicism came between a man and its natural objective, and among such externals Luther placed the hierarchy and the sacraments, all but one. A good knowledge of Saint Paul prevented him from altogether throwing over the central doctrine of Catholicism, the real presence of Christ in the Eucharist; none the less he modified it. The bread and wine do not change, he said, but God enters them as fire enters a bar of iron when it is hot. This theory is called consubstantiation.

"Thus the Catholics ate God without bread; the Lutherans ate God with bread; soon afterwards came the Calvinists, who ate bread without God."*

When the German princes and people asked Luther what they were to substitute for a visible Church and an infallible pope as a guide of life, Luther replied that they might substitute the Holy Scriptures, especially the New Testament. If he had told them to substitute himself, like Mohammed, he could not possibly have committed a more illogical error. It is obvious that a man will find in the Bible exactly what he brings to it; in short, that there will be almost as many little religions as there are Bible readers. This is precisely what has happened to Protestantism from Luther on.

An enthusiasm for the Fathers, especially for Saint Paul, caused Luther to draw from the latter some curious ideas about destiny which led him well along the same insane road that Calvin was to follow to the bitter end. The soul, he said, can only be united to God by a sudden supernatural infusion of grace, obtained by faith. Many souls are not apparently favored in this respect; hence it is obvious that God does not wish every one to be saved, and even damns a few unlucky ones with great complacency. This startling theory did not

* Voltaire.

chill, however, the enthusiasm of Luther's German converts, none of whom would admit that they were damned in advance, while the majority was attracted by the prospect of salvation dirt-cheap and even gratis.

Armed with these doctrinal novelties, Luther presented himself before the Imperial Council at Worms (1521), consisting of the Hapsburg Emperor, Charles V, the papal legate, and all the principal dignitaries of the Holy Roman Empire. His courage at this moment has been the repeated subject of history and painting, but he knew very well that several great men in the Diet were on his side, and for an excellent cause. The Church was extremely unpopular in Germany for the simple reason that it was extremely rich. If all that mattered in God's world were justification by faith, then there was no need for the Church, and if there were no need for the Church, its vast wealth could not possibly flow anywhere but into the pockets of the princes. Frederick II had suggested this in the thirteenth century, but it took fully three hundred years to sink in. It is perhaps the most powerful reason for the success of the Reformation in Europe.

Having been given a fair hearing and a chance to retract, Luther was placed under the ban of the Empire by Charles V, who thought, like Con-

stantine, that there should be only one religion in his vast and clumsily wielded realm. But the Emperor had no sooner departed to his other kingdom of Spain than all north Germany eagerly espoused the Lutheran religion, and the example of north Germany was soon followed by the Scandinavian countries. Luther found himself the prophet of the north. He soon imitated the pope by authorizing the Landgrave of Hesse to commit bigamy. "What no pontiff save Gregory II (726) had dared to do, Luther, who attacked the excessive power of the popes, did without any power at all."* His dispensation was secret, but God moves in a mysterious way in the case of reformers. Meanwhile, the embarrassments of Charles V, who was seriously threatened by the Turks, prevented him from acting with energy against the German Reformation. Finally by the Peace of Augsburg (1555), he permitted the Lutheran Church to continue in north Germany on the basis of a referendum where religion was settled by the will of a prince or by the majority of the local population. On this basis Bavaria and the Rhineland, south Germany in general, have remained Catholic.

Charles, though himself orthodox, had his own reasons for wishing to conciliate the Lutherans.

* Voltaire.

Not himself a German, but half Fleming, half Spaniard, he ruled by the accidents of inheritance and election over the greatest stretch of territory since Charlemagne—Spain, Flanders, Spanish America, Austria and the Germanies. He revived and more than revived the Holy Roman Empire of the Middle Ages, before it had reduced itself to the Austria of the Hapsburgs. The hegemony of Charles was opposed by France, and true to its old anti-imperial policy, the Papacy, now under Clement VII, nephew to the urbane Leo, allied itself with France. The flood of waters predicted by Savonarola was now almost ready to engulf the Papacy. By its unwillingness to reform and its ineptitude in politics it was at odds with all the world—the Protestant north and the Catholic south. France, in exchange for a measure of self-government, "the liberties of the Gallican Church," was its only friend. Thus Clement VII assisted the progress of Protestantism by aligning himself against the most powerful Catholic power in Europe. Deeply exasperated, the Emperor wrote the Lutheran princes in Germany that they would soon be wanted against the Turk, adding that they would know which Turk he meant. When by his victory over the French at Pavia, in 1525, the road to Rome was opened, he sent a miscellaneous army of rabid Lutherans, cruel Spaniards and mercenary Swiss under a French traitor,

the Constable de Bourbon, en route for the eternal town. The misty morning of May 5, 1527, arrived, and the Constable ordered the assault. He was killed almost at once, the sculptor Cellini taking a pot at him from Sant' Angelo, but before two in the afternoon the city was captured.

For eight days the sack of Rome continued. Cardinals were tortured to disclose their treasures. Nuns and noble Roman ladies were outraged in the streets. Works of art were rifled or smashed by the Lutheran soldiery. The Pope was a prisoner. The spirit of the Renaissance fled forever from the desecrated city, and Italy became a "geographic expression" under the Spanish yoke till 1713, when the Spanish yoke was replaced by the Austrian. When after a discreet interval the conqueror arrived in 1530 the Pope met him with tears and promised never to do it again. This new attitude had profound and unexpected effects upon the history of Catholicism in England four years later. In return Charles allowed the Pope to retain the city and the Romagna as states of the Church, but that was all. By this time half of Germany, Scandinavia, part of Switzerland had become Protestant. England and France were expected to go next. Among the principal promoters of the Reformation, Clement VII, last of the Renaissance popes, must never be forgotten.

Meanwhile, a logical Frenchman named Calvin had completed what the Apostle of the North had begun. His reformation, which was centralized at Geneva, in Switzerland, was marked by the extreme moral earnestness which we call puritanism. Calvinism delighted the large number of people in the world who love to torment every one within reach, including themselves. The fallacy that such people are, in any sense, the pioneers of religious freedom may be indicated by the fact that Calvin burned an amiable gentleman named Servetus who had doubts about the precise nature of Christ's divinity. The pontiff of Geneva asserted the predestination of the soul; denied that the Deity could enter into bread and wine; and proscribed all the liturgical ornaments of religion, ceremonies, vestments, music and the like. Lutheranism, as a sort of pale shadow of the Catholic Church, never extended beyond Germany and the Scandinavian states, but the religion of Calvin, thanks to that enjoyable capacity for self-torment above described, was extremely popular, and gained France, Switzerland, Holland, Scotland and even England. It is the religion of the Presbyterian Church in Scotland and America, the Reformed Church of Holland and the Huguenot Church in France. Under Cromwell's rule it became, for a time, the national religion of England as well.

By the middle of the sixteenth century Catholicism seemed to be completely crushed in northern Europe, and even in the south it was rapidly losing ground. Another generation did not pass before the Church not only ceased to lose, but actually regained much that it had lost.

CHAPTER XVII

ECCLESIA ANGLICANA

The Church of England* stood in a peculiar relation both to the new movement and to the old religion; it is necessary, then, to consider it in a separate chapter. At the outset, the English people were not at all inclined to heresy, or even to a separation from the Papacy; but the English ecclesiastic system was not the Catholic faith; and this system, ruined by prosperity, had become, in certain respects, intolerable. As a privileged caste, the English clergy had rendered themselves hateful to the king and the nation by their arrogance, their inertia and their intrigue. As early as 1512 Cardinal Wolsey, who was certainly no Lutheran, had begun a suppression of the smaller monasteries.

So matters stood when Henry VIII, in 1527, applied to the Pope for a dispensation to divorce his wife and take another who might be expected to bear him male children. Anxiety about the succession was the origin of his action, but this was later complicated by the fact that he had

* In America it is called the Protestant Episcopal Church.

fallen in love with a Lutheran maid of honor. His motives, however, were fundamentally so excellent that there is every chance he would have been granted his dispensation had not the reigning Pope, Clement VII, been a prisoner in the hands of the Hapsburg Emperor, who was the English Queen's nephew and champion. He was also the champion of the Catholic Church in the cruel situation which the Church faced as a result of the Protestant revolt in northern Europe, and the sack of Rome described in the last chapter. Were the Pope to offend his all-powerful jailer, who was now his best friend, there was no telling what would happen to him or to the Church. Accordingly he delayed his decision and delayed too long. At the end of five years the Pope still retained the Emperor, but England, save for a short interval, was forever lost to the Holy See.

In 1534 Henry cut the knot by the Act of Supremacy which declared that the King, not the Pope, was henceforward the real head of the Church in England. It is sometimes said that in doing this Henry founded a new church, that he is the father of the Anglican faith in the same sense that Luther is the founder of the Lutheran one. This statement is obviously untenable. What he did was to establish his own authority over a national Catholic Church which had hitherto been directed from Rome. The dogma of

royal supremacy was certainly a very dangerous doctrine, and its result has been a certain ambiguity in the position of the English Church from Henry VIII on. In 1534 the Church remained Catholic because Henry was a Catholic. He suppressed with equal severity those who differed with him over the Supremacy and those who differed with the Pope over the Faith. But in succeeding reigns the royal supremacy switched the Church to the Calvinism of Edward, and finally to the semi-Catholicism of Elizabeth. The conscience of the nation limped with violent alacrity to and fro after that of the sovereign.

The death of Henry VIII in 1547 revealed the worthlessness of his new dogma once it was placed in weak or unworthy hands. The new king was a priggish boy in his teens, completely under the influence of his uncles and of Archbishop Cranmer, who had Protestant sympathies. The history of this brief and unpleasant reign is that of a conspiracy on the part of the Protestant faction in the saddle to de-Catholicize the Church in England. Two prayer books were issued in succession to replace the Catholic missal and breviary; the second, which is decidedly Protestant in tone, has remained the official service book of the English and Episcopal Churches to this day. During this reign Catholics were subjected to a petty but vexatious persecution. Works of art were muti-

lated; the chantries (altars of the dead) were "converted into pigsties," as one of the reformers has written with complacency. The famous Stephen Gardiner, Catholic Bishop of Winchester, who is, on the whole, one of the worthier figures of this bad reign, reminded his countrymen justly that Luther himself reproved such, these *cochonneries,* and that "their authors were if possible worse than hogs, and had always been so regarded."

The people, as a whole, had no sympathy with sacrilege and outrage, and on the premature death of Edward in 1553 they rallied joyfully to his successor, the Princess Mary. Unfortunately for the ultimate triumph of the Faith in England, Mary was an intense and morbid Catholic, one of the first products of the Counter-Reformation. She married her cousin, Philip II of Spain, champion of the old faith in Europe, and restored the Papal Supremacy. The character of the reigning Pope, Julius III, indicates how little the Papacy had profited by all its recent misfortunes. His first official act was to raise to the cardinalate a favorite page to the delight of the Roman humorists who celebrated the simultaneous elevation of the pontifical Jupiter and the pontifical Ganymede. He was an amiable man, however, and bent upon conciliating the schismatic Church of England. In order to please the English he sent them, as his

legate, a prince of their own blood, an hysterical prelate named Reginald Pole who solemnly absolved the realm from all taint of heresy. After this, Mary burned about 300 Protestants, including three heretical bishops and the Primate Cranmer. These cruelties disgusted the nation with integral Catholicism. As a matter of fact, the English were indifferent to the religious issue. What they wanted was good government and the end of fanaticism, and this is precisely what Mary failed to give them.

Mary was succeeded in 1558 by the Princess Elizabeth, last of Henry the Eighth's three children. Elizabeth regarded Protestantism and the Papal Supremacy with equal dislike. Her political position forced her to appear the chief of the Protestant league of northern Europe, but at heart, as she often said, she was as good a Catholic as the Holy Father, and she desired the English Church to exhibit this double, not to say, hybrid, character. It was necessary to steer an exquisitely even course; to remodel the Church of England in such a way that it should have the name and appearance of Protestant, but the organization and hidden nature of the old religion. Very well hidden it was too. The Papal Supremacy was again quietly dropped. Elizabeth retained the Mass, which was now called the Communion; a belief in the Real Presence without any definition; and the English

hierarchy, for which she herself had no respect. All the Catholic bishops, with one exception, had indignantly resigned, but this exception is held to suffice to preserve the Sacrament of "Orders"; that is, the mysterious communication of sacerdotal powers to the priesthood. The official position of the Elizabethan Church was contained in the Thirty Nine Articles which are printed at the back of every Episcopal prayer book. They have been thought so Protestant in tone that modern High Churchmen find it convenient either to ignore them altogether, or else to explain that they really do not mean what they say.*

This profoundly modified Church, which is, as any one can see, the creation of the Crown, received the adherence of most Englishmen. Even the Catholics adhered till recalled to their obedience by a bull of Pius V. From their withdrawal dates the existence of Roman Catholicism as a separate body in England. When the cause of integral Catholicism was identified with that of a rival queen (Mary Stuart) Roman Catholics were vigorously persecuted by Elizabeth in a series of oppressive statutes called the penal laws. By this time the Counter-Reformation was sending its agents, notably the Jesuits, into England, and these unfortunate men, whenever they were caught, were barbar-

* At a recent Convention of the Episcopal Church in this country they have been dropped.

ously tortured as political plotters. Elizabeth always contended that she did not punish for differences of opinion, merely for offenses against the State, but in 1570 as in 1917, a difference of opinion and crime against the State were counted one and the same thing. The English Church under Elizabeth, whatever may have been its "hidden nature," had all the air of a Protestant body persecuting the most innocent adherents of the old religion. In spite of the Queen it remained very Protestant, or, as we would say, "Low," in tone until the accession of Charles I. Thus Episcopalians have little cause to be proud of ancestors who cruelly persecuted Catholic priests for no other crime than that of keeping alive a religion which they themselves practice, with great satisfaction, in ritualist churches.

CHAPTER XVIII

LOYOLA

After having lost half Europe the Papacy resigned itself to convoking the great Council of the Church so long desired by moderate reformers like Erasmus. The Council met at Trent on the confines between Italy and the Empire in 1545, but its deliberations, several times interrupted, were not finished until 1563. It codified the Catholic faith; asserted the Papal Supremacy; affirmed the dogma of free will; and provided for a thorough house cleaning of clerical abuses. It is the first act in the somber drama of the Counter Reformation, the results and spirit of which we are still feeling. Reinach has been the only one to point out that this reactionary movement was, in a sense, a Protestant, not to say puritan, infusion in the veins of the old religion. The obscurantism, the dry and negative spirit, and the exaggerated purity of modern Catholicism in certain quarters, may be attributed to this movement which would have astonished Saint Francis and which contradicts the admirable Italian Catholicism of the thirteenth century.

In the course of a single generation the whole spirit of the Church underwent a profound change. The popes themselves became good men. The first of these severe but exemplary pontiffs, Marcellus II, regulated the liturgical beauty of Catholic worship and music; it was he who commissioned Palestrina to compose the glorious Mass of Pope Marcellus which represents the apogee of church music in the contrapuntal style. His successor, Pius V, walked barefoot at the head of processions, and impressed the world by innumerable examples of charity, humility and forgiveness of personal injuries. A religious chivalry, consecrated to the battle of the Church against the Protestant north, actuated these popes, and extended throughout their whole following down to their courtiers and men of art. Tasso, the poet of the reaction, concentrated his epic about the heroic and touching figure of Godfrey de Bouillon, the paladin of the holy wars.

Among those present at the Council of Trent had been a disabled Spanish soldier of good family, Ignatius Loyola. He was almost totally uneducated, except in the fantastic romances of low-Medieval chivalry, parodied by Cervantes in *Don Quixote*. His existence had been one gorgeous day-dream of rescued queens and infidels subdued. After his disablement a new vision came to mingle with these fantasies. The Queen of Heaven ap-

peared to him in dreams and bade him battle for her lost kingdoms, prostrate under the maleficent charms of false prophets. The romantic and baroque Catholicism of later times makes its first appearance in this ardent, disordered, but very human spirit. He associated others with him in these dreams and fevers. When asked to what order or society they belonged they replied invariably: "To the Society of Jesus."

"With what vehemence, with what policy, with what exact discipline, with what dauntless courage, with what self-denial, with what forgetfulness of the dearest private ties, with what intense and stubborn devotion to a single end, and with what unscrupulous laxity and versatility in the choice of means, the Jesuits fought the battle of the Church, is written in every page of the annals of Europe during several generations. In the Order of Jesus was concentrated the quintessence of the Catholic spirit; and the history of the Order of Jesus is the history of the great Catholic reaction . . . Dominant in the south of Europe, the great Order soon went forth conquering and to conquer. In spite of oceans and deserts, of hunger and pestilence, of spies and penal laws, of dungeons and racks, of gibbets and quartering-blocks, Jesuits were to be found under every disguise and in every country; in the hostile court of Sweden, in the old manor-houses of Cheshire, among the hovels of

Connaught, arguing, instructing, consoling, stealing away the hearts of the young, animating the courage of the timid, holding up the crucifix before the eyes of the dying. Nor was it less their office to plot against the thrones and safety of apostate kings, to spread evil rumors, to raise tumults, to inflame civil wars, to arm the hand of the assassin. Inflexible in nothing but in their fidelity to the Church, they were equally ready to appeal in her cause to the spirit of loyalty and to the spirit of freedom. Extreme doctrines of obedience and extreme doctrines of liberty, the right of rulers to misgovern the people, the right of every one of the people to plunge his knife in the heart of a bad ruler, were inculcated by the same man, according as he addressed himself to the subject of Philip or to the subject of Elizabeth. Some described these divines as the most rigid, others as the most indulgent, of spiritual directors; and both these descriptions were correct. The truly devout listened with awe to the high and saintly morality of the Jesuit. The gay cavalier who had run his rival through the body, the frail beauty who had forgotten her marriage vow, found in the Jesuit an easy, well-bred man of the world, who knew how to make allowances for the little irregularities of people of fashion. The first object was to drive no person out of the pale of the Church. Since there were bad people, it was better that there

should be bad Catholics than bad Protestants. If a person was so unfortunate as to be a bravo, a libertine or a gambler, that was no reason for making him a heretic too."

There is no more splendid tribute than this powerful passage of a Protestant historian, Macaulay, on the Jesuits. Others have not been so kind to them. Michelet could see nothing but evil in the Order, and absurdly overrated its abilities by associating with them the most sinister and unlikely enterprises, like the murder of Henry IV, its protector. Voltaire, the greatest individual antagonist who has ever attacked the Church, spoke always very kindly of the fathers who had given him his education. A Catholic Society which can win the approbation of a Voltaire can win anything.

Armed with this invaluable reinforcement, the Papacy prepared to do battle with the Protestants for the still debatable territory, the no man's land of France, Belgium, south Germany, Poland, Hungary and England. The contest between the two powers was only finally decided by the Treaty of Westphalia (1648) which terminated the Thirty Years' War and gave Europe, for a time, universal peace. The struggle was most typical and intense in England and France and will be described in the next chapters. The great strength of Catholicism was in its unity, in that element of internationalism

which was, and is, its principal service to society. The great weakness of the Protestant churches was that they were nationalist bodies. Even the Church of England had become an institution as purely local as the county sheriff. The Catholic Church, on the other hand, claimed to be battling for a truth which, in the hands of missionaries like Saint Francis Xavier and Père Marquette, embraced every one from the pope at Rome to the most remote heathen in Japan or the most savage redskin in Canada. This capital difference in the two creeds accounts for the comparative triumph of Catholicism at the close of the memorable and bloody sixteenth century. Driven at the beginning of the century beyond the Alps and the Pyrenees, it had, at the end, driven the Protestant heresy to the shores of the German ocean; and in the colonization of the two Americas it looked beyond the seas and found new worlds to conquer.

I do not wish to leave this period without a word for the type of art which is its direct product. The Baroque style, together with the churches, the painting and sculpture where it is displayed, has fallen into general disfavor. The contempt expressed for it by Ruskin and the followers of "the Gothic Quest" has been passed on to the snobs who never see anything with their own eyes, and to the tourists who never see anything except with those of Baedeker. To counteract this unreflect-

ing contempt, it is only necessary to remind oneself that the real founder of the despised style is Michelangelo. There is considerable Baroque feeling in his Sistine frescoes, as there is in the "Assumption" of Titian, and, generally, in the paintings of the charming Correggio, while "the work of that 'mighty rushing wind,' Tintoretto," to quote Mr. Raymond Mortimer,* "already displays that mixture of poetry and realism, of tenderness and violence, of emotion and decorativeness which characterized Baroque art." It gave us in its later phase as good a painter as Domenichino and as good a sculptor as Bernini. Whether one likes it or not, it is the characteristic style of the Counter Reform, and not the least of its merits is that its palaces and gardens, its churches and fountains, are everywhere in modern Rome, and constitute much of the charm of that fascinating city.

* In the *Dial*, December, 1920.

CHAPTER XIX

THE LAST CRUSADE

Queen Elizabeth of England (1558-1603) is an enigma. A child of the English Renaissance and the feminine incarnation of a narrow nationalism, a freethinker and the organizer of a persecuting church, a bluestocking and a flirt, a lover of men and withal a virgin, a despot who was adored, she fitly sums up an age of tortuous cross-purposes. In none of her relationships, however, is the mystery of iniquity more obscure than in the treatment of her unfortunate Catholic subjects.

Henry VIII, Elizabeth's father, had, as we have seen, separated the Church in England from Rome, but he had made no changes in religion. He initiated a schism, if one wills, but the schism was so little a part of the Protestant movement on the Continent that Henry burned all the English Protestants on whom he could lay hand. Under his son Edward the tentative of a Protestant State Church was begun. The Episcopal Prayer Book, then devised, contains, indeed, a modification of the old faith, but a faith modified is not, necessar-

ily, a faith transformed. "The Prayer Book contains omissions," wrote the Catholic Bishop Quadra to Pius IV, "but no positive heresies." Edward's sister, Mary, headed an instant return to the Holy See. When Elizabeth ascended the throne in 1558 England was officially a Catholic country in communion with Rome. Philip II, the most Catholic King of Spain, was Elizabeth's brother-in-law.

The change which made the official English religion an outlawed cult was exquisitely gradual. The reason for the second break with Rome and the final establishment of the Episcopal Church of England, delicately maneuvered by Elizabeth, must be ascribed in part to motives of feminine vanity. There was much in the Catholic religion she disliked as well as much she admired. Notably she hated the theoretic subordination of Catholic states to the Papacy. This clashed with her conception of what the absolute State, the new England, should and must be. Like Constantine she intended to have but one religion in England, and it was to be her own invention. It was pleasing to her a freethinker and a woman to throw out the pope and retain the hierarchy, to abolish the Mass and keep the Communion, to observe Fridays and Lent because it encouraged the fishing, to banish images from her churches and set them up in her chapel, to uphold bishops and insult their wives. The result of these various caprices and

compromises is the mixed Episcopalianism that we know to-day.

The Roman Catholic population was left absolutely to its own devices during this experimental period from 1559 to 1570. When in 1562 they asked whether they might attend the Anglican services, Pius IV replied in the words of Christ that "he who is ashamed of Me, of him the Son of Man shall be ashamed," but he sent them no priests of their own faith to sustain them. They were cut off both from their Anglican fellow countrymen and their own universal Church throughout the world. Naturally they declined numerically. Neither Pius IV nor the Council of Trent, which ended in 1563, nor the Catholic Emperor nor their friend, the King of Spain, did anything for them. English Catholicism was quietly but firmly en couraged to die.

That it did not die is due to a tactical blunder, followed by a noble and heroic missionary tentative. In 1570 the new Pope, Saint Pius V, calmly and unexpectedly excommunicated Elizabeth and released her Catholic subjects from their obedience. The Borgia in the preceding century had made religion the handmaid of politics. "Fra Scarpone" reversed the process. It was only to be expected that a man of his temper should effect a complete cleavage between the English Roman Catholics and the followers of Elizabeth's church, but the bull of

excommunication reacted disastrously upon the former. Nothing in fact could have been more ill-timed. Two years before, the Catholic heiress to the English crown had arrived, a fugitive, in England. Elizabeth promptly imprisoned her, but even in imprisonment Mary Stuart was the center of temptation for any romantic Roman Catholic who might imagine, not unnaturally, that he and his Church would be happier under the lovely Queen of Scots than under the Anglican lioness. The wish is father to the act. From 1568 on there was a series of plots on the part of individual Catholics to dethrone Elizabeth and put the queen of hearts in her place. Naturally they roused feeling, and the Pope's bull arriving at this unfortunate moment roused more feeling. The result was a set of penal statutes passed in Parliament making the exercise of the Catholic religion itself an offense against Elizabeth's State. It was a crime to say Mass; a slightly lesser crime to hear it. It was a crime, punishable by death, to convert a Protestant to the old religion. It was a crime for a Catholic to travel five miles away from his home. The English government pled, in excuse for its intolerance, that it was protecting itself against the triple danger of a disaffected Catholic minority, spurred to treason by the Pope's bull, and finding its natural objective in the imprisoned Mary. This is true, but the persecution fell chiefly

upon any number of loyal and innocent Roman Catholics whose only crime was their religion. At the same time it produced the first and Homeric age in the history of Roman Catholicism in England, considered as a separate Church. Ten years after the Pope's bull the first missionaries arrived in what was to them a forbidden country. The true heroes of the Church from 1580 to 1588 were not the Pope Sixtus V, anathematizing from the security of the Vatican, nor a handful of *intriguants;* they were the innocent priests who from 1580 on poured into England from the English colleges on the Continent, the Jesuit pupils and seminary students, the "flowers of martyrdom."

Protestant historians, like Bishop Creighton and Froude, try to lave the memory of the Virgin Queen from the indelible stain of what follows by asserting in Elizabeth's words that she did not persecute for religious reasons but only for treason, that these missionaries and Jesuits were dangerous plotters, agents for the Pope, Spain and Mary Stuart, preparers of the Armada. This miserable sophistry is easy to expose. Some were undoubtedly plotters, but the government's crime was that, like the Cæsars, it identified religion with politics, and every avowed priest was considered *ipso facto* a political prisoner and treated accordingly. That

the majority was innocent of political agitation we know from the published instructions given to Jesuit missionaries by their General Aquiviva. "They must not mix themselves up with affairs of state, nor write to Rome about political matters, nor speak, nor allow others to speak, in their presence, against the Queen." Their only charge, as the Jesuit Campion said before his judges, "Was to preach the Gospel, to minister the Sacraments, to instruct the simple, to reform sinners, to confute errors, and in brief, to cry alarm spiritual against the *proud ignorance* wherewith my dear countrymen are abused."

The whole English mission was animated by this spirit, rivaling that of the primitive Christian martyrs under Nero and Diocletian. Among the better achievements of the Catholic reaction there is nothing grander than the lives of these missionaries, many of them mere boys. When a Frenchman or Spaniard or Italian took orders in the sixteenth century Church he might, nine times out of ten, be influenced by the dream of a career. No such career lay before these doomed Englishmen. Their guerdon was not the mitre, the crozier nor the red hat; it was the cell, the horrible rack, the tumbril surrounded by jeering crowds, the blackness of pain and death. On their walks through Rome during recreation boys from the English College

were saluted by the gentle Saint Philip Neri with the words: *Salvete flores martyrum!*

Something worse than death, indeed, awaited them in their own land, that merry and tender Elizabethan England, the country of the sweet Shakespeare and the chivalrous *Fœrie Queen.* When one of them was caught he was sent up to London, and in the presence of the horrible torturer, Mr. Topcliffe, was asked the following questions: Did he acknowledge Elizabeth as his lawful queen? Did he believe that the Pope could excommunicate and depose the Queen? In the event of a Catholic invasion which side would he take, the Queen's or the Pope's?

The first question the priest usually answered in the affirmative; the second evasively on the ground that it was a question for Church Councils to decide; to a third a good Catholic could only answer: If the invasion were for no other cause than to restore the Catholic religion, I would side with the invader—a reply which would certainly send him to the gallows. If he did not answer the first two questions in a manner satisfactory to the judges, he was racked till he spoke out; if he answered the third as a Catholic he was killed; in either case he usually died. In his revolting apology for torture Lord Burleigh objected that only persons were racked whose guilt was patent, but guilt in the sense of the penal laws included the

mere fact of being a priest. Among those tortured was a boy, Thomas Sherwood (1578) thirteen years old. The victims themselves ascribed their sufferings to Protestant fanaticism, plain heresy. "I blame not so much," said one, "the men who have prepared these things . . . as the heresy which incited men, not naturally cruel, to such hardness of heart against their fellows that they are restrained from treating them in the cruelest fashion neither by their common nationality, nor education, nor by their youth, their right to freedom, nor the immunity of their priesthood, nor prayers, nor tears." It is only fair to add that the Protestant victims of Philip the Second's Inquisition in Spain and the Netherlands could have employed much the same language. In England pardon was sometimes offered if the accused would change his religion. "I thank you heartily," said one tortured man, "if by going to church I can save my life, all the world will see that I am executed solely for faith and religion, and nothing else." At length the more intelligent in the government began to see that a code which furnished such martyrs to the Catholic faith was reacting seriously against their own nation and church. They did not stop the persecution, but on the scaffold they merely stopped the victims' mouths.

The national sense of fair play was at its lowest

ebb at the very moment when the national genius rose to its supreme height in Marlowe and Shakespeare. And the reason is not so much religious intolerance in which, of course, most of the Catholics shared, as it was that the first Anglicans made of the absolute State itself a religion which would brook no rival near the throne, even when that rival came with clean hands and holy purpose. One hundred per cent American Catholics would do well to ponder the history of their Church under Queen Elizabeth.

All injustice, as Carlyle said, is but natural anarchy, and comes to end, at all events, relaxes. In England the persecution of the Church attained its climax when Elizabeth at last sent her prisoner, Mary Stuart, to the block, and Mary Stuart, the night before her death, willed her English inheritence, the Crown, to the King of Spain. Philip II, though universally regarded as the pillar of the Counter Reform, had held off all these years, while his co-religionists were being hunted in England like dogs, from any show of interference. His timidity and delay had worn out even the Pope. Now that his greed was aroused by Mary Stuart's legacy he made immediate preparations to invade England, dethrone Elizabeth and restore the Catholic faith by arms. The whole European world, Catholic and Protestant, awaited the result

breathlessly, understanding that the two reformations, Protestant and Catholic, were being pitted against each other. Rightly or wrongly England was regarded as the cornerstone of the Protestant revolt. However much Elizabeth and her Anglicans might sniff at the uncouth religious views of Scotch Presbyterians and Dutch Reformers, England supplied the very backbone of their resistance, and nowhere had the Catholic reaction been more savagely resisted than by Elizabeth and her government. If Philip won, the French Huguenots and Dutch rebels would lose their chief support; Lutheran Germany would return to the Church, and the divisions of Christendom would cease. Or so it was supposed. At Easter, 1588, Philip II spent three hours a day in prayer before the Holy Sacrament, commending to God the result of his enterprise. His standard on the Armada bore the words: Rise, O God, and judge Thy Cause.

We know the rest; how the huge sea-castles of Don Philip set sail off Corunna, and nosed their way northward till they confronted the stocky English fleet in the Channel. We know, too, how the English Roman Catholics behaved when faced with this ultimate challenge to their patriotism. Their patriotism had been the issue all along, or so said Elizabeth's government, and now in July, 1588, they gave the ultimate lie to their accusers. So long as the Catholic heir had been a woman, perse-

cuted and partly English, there had been found more than one Catholic to plot for her at the cost of what then was technically called treason. But when Mary Stuart was replaced by her unpleasing legatee they rallied around the tyrannical throne as one man, and it was a Catholic, Lord Howard of Effingham, who commanded the fleet which put to flight the Spanish Armada. Fines, imprisonments, the torture and murder of their priests, the attempted suppression of their religion did not deter them when it came to choosing between their female Diocletian and the Spaniard. When the enemy lost heart, cut cable and drifted hopelessly into the Atlantic, Catholic and Protestant gave thanks that while the Counter Reform at its best had not conquered England, the Counter Reform of Philip and the Spanish Inquisition, that is to say, the reaction at its worst, had been put to confusion.

Even the Pope, Sixtus V, appreciated this distinction better than many modern historians. Philip begged him again and again to invest him formally with the English Crown in the event of victory, but the Pope always put him off, reserving the right to back a better candidate, the King of Scots, for instance, who eventually did succeed Elizabeth in 1603. In this attitude the Pope stood with the future. That the Armada, considered as a Spanish enterprise, failed might be a matter for

complacency; that it failed as a Catholic one, the ultimate expression of the last of the Crusades, can only be praised on the typically Anglo-Saxon assumption that everything which happens in history is right because it happens.

CHAPTER XX

THE WHITE PLUME

It was in France that the spirit of the Catholic reaction appeared at its worst. This is probably due to the fact that the French, often light and volatile on the surface, are constitutionally incapable of treating any abstract question in a spirit of moderation. The national fanaticism, especially in religion, is revealed in all its bad luster through four centuries from the Bartholomew to the prosecution of Dreyfus. France produced Calvin, the most radical of the reformers, and the spirit bequeathed by him to the Huguenot sect, though admirable in its fortitude, was also a spirit which demanded all or nothing. On the Catholic side, the French Church and court, morally at their nadir, were none the less fanatical to the last extreme. They were both very Italianized during the reigns of the last Valois, especially the court, whose presiding genius, the Queen-Mother, Catherine de Medici, was Florentine and a worthy product of that noble commune. Into the Catholic cause was injected the animus of the vendetta, the private duel to the death. The court thought that

religion could be saved by the methods, at once trifling and dastardly, of *condottieri* and neighborhood wars, and this spirit is the whole history of the Catholic reaction in France from the Bartholomew to the assassination of Henry IV.

The latter was at once the central and the salutary genius in the drama of the religious wars. By origin, the first of the Bourbons was a little Béarnaise princelet, educated with the education of Gargantua, said to have been a portrait of his father; running barefoot with the peasant boys in the pastures of his small Protestant kingdom on the slopes of the Pyrenees. He was the true type of Gasçon adventurer after Dumas, gay, shrewd, good-natured, always in love. Volatile and often false, he had nevertheless a great charm of external goodness which made people love him. The French who fought him thirty years, and accepted him only to kill him later, have always regretted him as "the best of kings."

He had need to be good or, at any rate, prudent, for he confronted frightful odds. Two persons stood between him and the French throne; the king, Charles IX, and his brother, the Duke of Anjou, both of whom seemed likely to die without children. But after them the whole Catholic reaction, that is to say, the French nation, intervened between him and his inheritance. He was a Huguenot, and most of the nation stood ready to

disavow their birthright, to become Spanish, rather than submit to a Protestant king. They were Catholics first and Frenchmen second, or rather not at all, and in this they were just the opposite of their English co-religionists. Everything worked to the advantage of Spain, of Philip II. The latter was the recognized champion of Catholic orthodoxy, had his agents everywhere, and especially in France, where the clergy, the monastic orders, and the very court, ignobly vicious and ignobly poor, were in his pay. His principal tools were the Guises, a powerful feudal family of German extraction who occasionally posed as independent and nationalist, but who could not make a move without leaning on the King of Spain. Through their charming niece, Mary Stuart, they had hoped to control Calvinist Scotland, but the Queen of Scots sacrificed Catholicism and kingdom to the Queen of Love, and perished, as we have seen, in an English prison. Having lost Scotland, the Guises, at a very early date, conceived the idea of becoming kings of France.

The Treaty of St. Germain (1570) had ended the first civil war between Catholics and Protestants. To cement the peace it was decided to marry the last of the Valois, the Princess Marguerite, to the Protestant heir, Henry of Navarre, and all the Huguenots in France were invited to the wedding. The bridegroom, his cousin the Prince de Condé,

the venerable Admiral de Coligny, best of the French Protestants, and numerous other gentlemen, the fine flower of the Huguenot party, were quartered together at Paris. At this moment the young king, Charles IX, seemed really to turn toward the holy cause of harmony and toleration, the true French party. He broke with Philip II, listened ardently to the admiral's patriotic proposal of a defensive policy against Spain and the England of Elizabeth, embraced the old man, calling him "my father." It is impossible to believe that Charles IX was insincere at this moment. He was infinitely the best of his bad family, but he was easily impressionable and a little mad. In the meantime, Catherine de Medici and the Duke of Anjou, the guilty mother and the guilty brother, regarded the king's attitude with consternation. He was already free of Spain, and the next moment it seemed likely that he would escape altogether from his family, and might even turn on them. It was certainly necessary to get rid of the admiral. A brave was hired, who fired on the admiral while the latter was passing from the Louvre to his lodgings, wounding him in the arm. Charles IX was furious at the attempt upon the life of the old man. He swore with many terrible oaths that he would requite it upon the conspirators "whoever they might be." The mother and brother were now in a high state of nerves. It was more than ever nec-

essary to get rid of the admiral . . . and then, like a flash of lightning, they conceived the idea of destroying the whole Protestant faction, so conveniently concentrated at that moment in Paris. Why not? They would thus solve the religious problem by annihilating at one stroke a whole party; in so doing they would disembarrass themselves of several personal enemies in the classic Italian style, and at the same time strike a valiant blow for the Catholic cause to the satisfaction of the Pope and that of the lay pope, their paymaster, the King of Spain.

It was a startling enterprise, all the more wicked perhaps because it was planned on the spur of a cowardly moment by a cabal of political criminals without even the bad excuse of religious passion in their favor. Only it was very difficult to gain over the King. They argued with him until ten in the evening (August 23), and the massacre was slated to begin before daylight. Fear, however, is contagious, and Charles IX was gradually converted to the base terror of his relatives, who represented that he stood in actual danger from the Huguenots. "Let them all die," he said finally, "that not one be left to reproach me."

About an hour before dawn a pistol was discharged from the Louvre, and the tocsin of the royal parish, St. Germain d'Auxerrois, began to ring. It was the signal for a slaughter which en-

dured for days. This event has loomed blackly in the imagination of some historians who like to represent it as a product of the Catholic reaction, a purely religious atrocity. This is only true to the extent that the actual work of massacre was executed by the devout bourgeois of Paris who detested the Huguenots, partly on religious, partly on commercial, grounds. In its origin, however, the Bartholomew was a political crime. Its true authors were the Queen-Mother and the Duke of Anjou, the future Henry III. The young King of Navarre saved himself by abjuring the Protestant faith. In the ghastly dawn, he and his cousin, the Prince de Condé, were brought before Charles IX, then in a state of insane collapse, and ordered to become Catholics or instantly perish. In view of the circumstances they abjured with alacrity. Shortly after, Henry of Navarre escaped to the south, where he placed himself at the head of his Huguenot forces. His second apostasy did not trouble him once he was safe out of Paris. Charles IX died, prematurely, worn out by all the horrors he had witnessed and permitted. His brother, co-author of the Bartholomew, became the last Valois king of France.

Henry III was the most intelligent, as he was the most depraved, of the Valois. On neither count did he please his Catholic subjects. He was too astute to pursue the religious war to the ultimate

profit of the Guises, while his private life was in shocking contradiction to the austere spirit of the Counter Reform. It was a succession of fantastic debaucheries varied by baroque devotions like the famous processions of the flagellants, in which tender youths and maids of honor, half undressed, flogged each other with a certain sensuality in the old streets of Gothic Paris. The king himself was so prematurely used up by these and other ambiguous excesses that after three moments of love he took three days of repose. The great Catholic hero of France was the Duke of Guise. He was adored by the populace as much as the king was detested. Under these circumstances there was formed at Paris the celebrated bourgeois confederation known as the Holy League to defend the kingdom against the Huguenot, and particularly against the Huguenot heir. It was composed of mendicants, ruined shopkeepers, *cappucini,* all the vermin of the convents and the schools. The natural captain of this organization would have been the Duke of Guise, and in his ambitious hands such a body, formed ostensibly to resist the Protestant heir, could be turned profitably against the unpopular king. Henry III, with a flash of his old astuteness, checked this move momentarily by nominating himself captain of the League, but the citizens saw through his game and rebelled outright. He fled to Blois, where he was joined by the Duke of

Guise, who thus walked straight into the lion's mouth, but did so with nonchalance, thinking that the King lacked the spirit to harm him. He miscalculated, however, for the King, beside himself with impotence and hatred, had the Duke assassinated by the swords of his forty-five guardsmen in his bed chamber at Blois.

When the League learned of the murder of its Christian hero, its agitation knew no limits and no decency. From that moment Henry III ceased to be King of France. The pulpits were filled with furious preachers who thundered against the King's special predilections in the literal language of Sodom, when it was not that of the gutter. They implored heaven to furnish an assassin who would rid the Catholic kingdom of a Catholic king, the last of his race. Every day some one deserted him for the League. In his desperation between the Protestant devil in the south and the raging sea of Paris, Henry III commended the Catholic reaction to Satan, turned frankly toward the devil, and made an alliance with the King of Navarre.

The two Kings met at Plessis, near Tours. Henry of Navarre in his frayed brown pourpoint, the famous white *panache* in his hat, advanced to meet the King of France and threw himself on his knees. A crowd so great that even the trees were charged with spectators surrounded them. Every one embraced, Catholics and Huguenots,

without distinction of faith or faction. After two generations of futile hatred it was a fine moment and one that struck the death-knell of fanaticism.

At Paris the League continued to breathe fire and flames. It had thrown off all appearance of nationalism and declared openly for the Spaniard. In the convents they said that only a miracle could save them. Three young men, or rather boys in their teens, swore to reënact the rôle of Judith and kill Henry III in his tent, or in his bed. These suggestions acted strongly on the feeble brain of a young Dominican named Jacques Clement. He bought a long knife, procured letters to Henry III at Saint Cloud, where the King was now besieging Paris, and while his victim was reading them, stabbed him. The last of the Valois died in the arms of the King of Navarre, recommending to the latter his throne.

Never was there a stranger accession. Half the Catholic *noblesse* who had hitherto remained loyal to Henry III, on being confronted with the heretic successor, threw their hats on the ground crying: *"Plutot mourir!"* Moreover, there remained Paris, now garrisoned by a Spanish contingent, and ready to blow itself up with gunpowder as in the good days of the Commune rather than yield. The only way that Henry could take the wind out of this monstrous bigotry was, as he himself expressed it, "to make the perilous

leap." He added, in his characteristic vein, that "Paris was worth a Mass." In July, 1593, he wrote to his Catholic mistress, Gabrielle d'Estrées, that he was going to be received into the Church.

A little later, and without disorder, he made his entry into Paris. The people so long bullied by violent imbeciles received him as if he had been the Sun of Justice. There remained, to be sure, another king, namely, the papal legate, who, having no orders, refused to recognize him. The popes of the period, whatever might have been their personal predilections for France or the cause of peace, were in the position of chaplains to Philip II, and the spite of the latter at losing another kingdom through the well-timed conversion of Henry may be imagined. It was impossible, none the less, for Clement VIII to delay his recognition of the French King forever, and finally, in 1595, the French ambassador was allowed to kneel before the Pope and curia in the Piazza of Saint Peter's and receive in his master's name the pontifical absolution. "The Papal See," says Ranke, "once more appeared, on this occasion, in all the splendor of its ancient authority."

This is the end of the religious wars in France. We have dwelt at length on Henry IV because he stood triumphantly between two bad extremes, because, like his contemporary Montaigne, he personified a new and gay type of indifference to the

religious issues employed and abused *ad nauseam* by the Reform and the Counter Reform in France. That famous white plume, which he carried triumphantly through two apostasies, is counted by some the white feather of moral defeat; to me it is the symbol of a new hope in a world distracted by the vile intolerance of the sixteenth century. He could not kill the monster by conquest. *Mit der Dumheit streichen vergebens die Götter.* But he killed it by skepticism, by kindness, by a flash of the best secular and Voltairian spirit appearing two centuries before its time; and in doing so he killed himself. It is said that during his entry a man, standing in a window, regarded him fixedly and refused to salute him. The King merely laughed and passed on. The Counter Reform never forgave him that laugh which symbolized his real greatness. He was determined to protect his old co-religionists, to keep clean of Spain, to launch three armies in saving Europe from the Hapsburg monarchy, the monarchy of the Inquisition and the *auto-da-fe,* and all this with a bounty, a sovereign charm, with a laugh. What could the Counter Reform do with such a man but kill him?

He brought France safely out of the religious hell of the sixteenth century, but by the blind knife of Ravaillac, the blind spirit of the time took its posthumous revenge. And now, thank God,

we are done with the sixteenth century, with its two reformations, Protestant and Catholic, with Luther and Loyola. It is the century of martyrs and fanatics, hateful to us on either count because the two are usually one and the same. That solitary child of this world, Henry IV, was wiser in his generation than all the children of light.

CHAPTER XXI

GRANDEUR AND DECLINE OF THE GALLICAN CHURCH

It seems that we will never be done with the Church in France. The latter is as much in the foreground during the seventeenth as it has been during the sixteenth century. This comes from the fact that nothing relating to France is unimportant during the sixteen hundreds. Paris, later Versailles, were truly the centers of the universe. The dazzling reign of the Sun-King, Louis XIV (1643–1715), merely completed and gilded the commanding influence inaugurated by the Béarnais, and continued by a prince of the Catholic Church, the Cardinal de Richelieu.

A Jansenist painter, Philippe de Champagne, has given us a fine portrait of "the sphinx in the red robe" which is also, in a way, a portrait of the French Church in the seventeenth century. Save for the cardinalitial scarlet, everything seems gray in this picture. Gray eyes, gray background, fine pallid hands like those of one already dead. Gray is the quintessential color of this Church, a Church

in which there is the utmost pomp and absolutely no life, a corpse wrapped in gorgeous cerements and sustaining the illusion of vitality even in cold death. Its very austerity, that of the Jansenists, is a kind of *rigor mortis*. Its very pomp is petrified, speaking in a religious sense. It is notable that at this period they destroyed in a great quantity the colorful and charitable churches of the Gothic age, and substituted ugly conventicles in the new classic style, lacking even the strained vitality of the true baroque; churches resembling bourses and banks. At the same time they smashed the too human glories of medieval stained windows, replacing them by the discolored glass found everywhere to-day in Paris, even at Notre Dame. Crushing façades, white glass, the whole ugly and pretentious æsthetic—it is the very image of the French Church, yesterday and to-day. It is the mournful official church of bourgeois and functionaries, which filled the rich with Jesuit sermons and picayune devotions, while the poor it sent empty away.

The neglect of the poor continued to the Revolution and the astonishing vacuity of devotion produced a certain reaction even in France. Saint Vincent de Paul founded the Lazarists and the Sisters of Charity for the general relief of suffering. Another Frenchman, Jean Baptiste de la Salle, organized the Christian Brothers for the education

of poor boys disdained by the Jesuits, hitherto the only powerful teaching Order. Finally a great churchman, an imbecile in politics, but after all a saint in his way, the Cardinal de Berulle, introduced a little Italian sun by the formation of the French Oratory, originally founded at Rome in the preceding century by Saint Philip Neri. The æsthetic reform of the liturgy, a little art, a little good music, agreeable and sensible sermons, a trifle "broad"—this is the secret of the Oratory (St. Sulpice) as it will be that of the Paulists in this country. The net result in France, at its best, was a sort of gloomy correctitude. Despite the Oratory, no two things could be more unlike than French Catholicism and the Church in Italy, so colorful, so appealing even in decay, so close to the people. The Gallican Church had other things in its head than to make itself loved. It was preëminently the Church of the Monarchy and the great *bourgeoisie;* hence its invincible vulgarity. That pretentious figure of fun, the *suisse* or beadle, introduced by France into the mysteries of the sanctuary, is symbolic of this institution—a Church of occasional conformists, of gendarmes and of clerks.

This Church revealed its innate Protestanism by the violent support which it gave the Monarchy against the rest of Christendom, even the Pope. France prided herself on the fact that, thanks to

the Gallican liberties, she stood on a very different footing towards the Papacy than did Italy or Spain. The liberties in question were certain national and independent rights of the French Church whose origin was lost in the mists of time. They enabled Louis XIV to appoint bishops and insult Innocent XI in his own capital, at the same time that he was delivering his peaceful and unfortunate Protestant subjects to the tender mercies of his dragoons (1685). Henry VIII himself had hardly gone so far.

A French historian, himself a former priest, has written: "While the Italian and Spanish theologians pushed their dogmatic deductions to the last extremes, while German mystics lost themselves in redoubtable dreams, the French theologians never departed from a certain good sense, and did not cease to pride themselves on a certain erudition and fidelity to the past. Gallicanism was then, relatively speaking, a moderate Catholicism, sensible, virile, moral, whose respectability was appreciated even by Protestants, and which was even considered by Utopians as the possible field of a chimerical union of Christian churches."

This estimate is far too favorable. An institution, however penetrated by "a certain good sense," which organized one of the most brutal religious persecutions in history, cannot be said

to be moderate. It cannot be said to be free from redoubtable dreams when it produced Sister Mary Alacoque and the devotion of the Sacred Heart. Gallicanism founded or reformed a few religious communities, and produced a handful of eloquent court preachers, and that is all that can be stated in its favor.

The Gallican Church emphasized its moderation by persecuting, under the inspiration of the Jesuits, the only Catholics in France who ventured to think for themselves. I shall not detain the reader by a detailed account of the great Jansenist controversy which convulsed the French Church for nearly two centuries. The Jansenist school, whose Bethlehem was the melancholy hermitage of Port Royal, near Paris, rose to combat the supposed laxity of Jesuit morality.

The Jesuits had recognized the uselessness of turning the clock back to the thirteenth century. Christ had died as much for the modern soldier and courtier and royal mistress as He had for any one else, and what such people required in their religious life was a rough working system, a ready-made code supplied by the most elementary "duties" of the Church—the confessional, the rosary, Holy Communion. Many of the casuists, like Saurez and St. Alphonsus Liguori, whom the Jansenists were never weary of vilifying, were, in their way, profound students of the soul, liberal

and liberating moralists who purged the air of theological abstractions and terror, and were, very properly, concerned with the spirit rather than the letter of good conduct. The Jesuits, moreover, stressed the Christian and manly dogma of free will against the Jansenist doctrine of "irresistible grace," which suggested Luther. "The Jesuits, with their practical good sense, could not admit such a doctrine because it tended, like Lutheranism, toward the neglect of those good works which benefited the Church and, it must be added, society at large." The Jansenists were, however, perfectly good Catholics, subjected to a cruel and unnecessary persecution on the part of Louis XIV and his Jesuit confessors. I am no lover of the Port Royal school, but it must be admitted that it produced the patricians of French Catholicism in a bad age, and that its distinguished and dolorous history commands considerable respect. The Jansenists also enriched French literature, giving it Pascal and Racine.

The sect perished about the year 1720 because it yielded to the same vapid miracle mongering, so popular generally in "the Church of good sense." A Jansenist deacon named Paris, having died in the odor of sanctity, had been buried in the quaint cemetery of St. Médard. The Jansenists announced that prodigies of healing were being enacted at his tomb, and the cemetery was invaded

night and day by a crowd of idlers so that it had to be closed and a guard set at the gate, on which some humorist wrote: "By order of the King it is forbidden to perform any miracle in this place."

After the destruction of Port Royal came that of its enemies, the Jesuits. The movement against them began in France as soon as their penitent, the aged Sun-King, was out of the way. Their standard book of moral theology, their beloved "Busenbaum," was burned by the hangman at Paris; there they were first called the enemies of the human race, and their dark reputation, later popularized by insensate anti-clericals like Michelet and Eugene Sue, dates from this period.

Their first suppression took place in Portugal, where they had offended the all-powerful Minister, M. de Pombal, by their missionary tentative in Paraguay, called by Cunninghame Grahame "an experiment in civilization." Their old father, Malagrida, was put to death, and the rest of them shipped off with small ceremony to the Papal States. The example of Portugal was speedily followed by the Bourbon government of Spain. Finally the government of Louis XV announced from Versailles that the society was dissolved in French territory. The whole nation exulted; even Voltaire, their defender, pointed sardonically to the ruins of Port Royal and said something pleasant about the biter bit. The reigning Pope,

Clement XIV, tried to protect them, but when the French government made a threatening move toward Avignon, still Papal territory, he saw reason, and in 1773 he decreed that the Society of Jesus had ceased to exist. It was only revived by Pius VII after the fall of Napoleon.

The truth about the Order in its somewhat tortuous progress through the centuries is difficult to establish. My own opinion is that the Jesuits were not prodigies either of virtue or dissimulation. Despite their noble history in England under the Elizabethan persecution and their many contributions to science and education, they were, as individuals, rather pretentious and superficial mediocrities trading on a reputation for astuteness, constantly seeing their finest schemes miscarry and occasionally killing people quite by accident. It is worth noting that they underwent banishment and dissolution without trial or definite charges or any chance to defend themselves.

Christianity had made such progress in the "Church of a certain good sense" that by the middle of the eighteenth century there were as many as forty thousand avowed atheists in Paris alone. The new assault on the Church, sponsored by the Encyclopedia and the polemics of Voltaire, was, as Macaulay says, something better than mere incredulity. "If the Patriarch of the Holy Philosophical Church had contented himself with mak-

ing jokes about Saul's asses and David's wives, and with criticizing the poetry of Ezekiel in the same spirit in which he criticized that of Shakespeare," Rome would have had no more to fear from him than it had to fear from Tom Paine or Colonel Ingersoll. "The real strength of the philosophers lay in the generous enthusiasm which was hidden beneath their flippancy and their apparent intolerance. They were men who with all their faults, moral and intellectual, desired the improvement of the condition of the human race, whose blood boiled at the sight of cruelty, who made manful war with every faculty which they possessed on what they considered abuses, and who on many signal occasions placed themselves gallantly between the powerful and the oppressed. When a youth, guilty only of an indiscretion, was beheaded at Abbeville . . . a voice instantly went forth from the banks of Lake Leman which made itself heard from Moscow to Cadiz and which sentenced the unjust judges to the contempt and detestation of all Europe. The really efficient weapons with which the philosophers assailed the evangelical faith were borrowed from the evangelical morality. The ethical and dogmatical parts of the Gospel were turned against each other. On one side was a Church boasting of the purity of a doctrine derived from the Apostles, but disgraced by the Bartholomew, by the (indirect)

murder of the best of Kings, by the persecution of the Huguenots and the destruction of Port Royal. On the other side was a sect laughing at the Scriptures, shooting out its tongue at the Sacraments, but ready to encounter principalities and powers in the cause of justice, mercy and toleration." *

What institution could survive, with all its imbecilities and abuses intact, the annihilating irony of words like these:

"Transport yourselves with me to the day on which all men will be judged, when God will deal with all according to his works. I see all the dead of former ages, and of our own, stand in His presence. Are you sure that our Creator and Father will say to the wise and virtuous Confucius, to Socrates, to Plato, to the divine Antonines, to Titus, the delight of the human race, and to so many other model men: 'Go, monsters, and submit to a chastisement infinite in its intensity and duration. And you, my beloved, Jacques Clément, Ravaillac, Damiens, etc.,† who have died with the prescribed formulæ, come and share my empire and felicity forever." ‡

Thanks above all to the genius of Voltaire and his friends, that glorious Gallican Church, so much more Catholic than the Pope that it made war on

* Macaulay.

† French Catholic fanatics and regicides.

‡ Voltaire: Essay on Toleration.

him, was at so low an ebb on the eve of the Revolution that Louis XVI opposed the nomination of Brienne as Archbishop of Paris on the ground that the latter ought at the very least to believe in God.

CHAPTER XXII

NINETY-THREE

It is an error to suppose that the great Revolution which completed the eighteenth century and overturned the old order of things in France, exploded from *below,* or that it was, in its origins, the work of a mob. Ideas seldom manifest themselves from below. The Revolution was an idea, a philosophy, born in the restless brains of a few intellectuals, and worked out by a combination of liberal nobles, enlightened parliamenteers, and, strange to say, by a part of the clergy. The formula of this new philosophy is contained in the three words which ornament, somewhat ironically, the façades of French public buildings—liberty, equality, fraternity. These are the fundamental "rights of man," formulated in a spirit of true fanatical French logic by the privileged class and communicated to the middle class. The German Marie Antoinette was not far wrong when she said, alluding to that French *noblesse* so fatal to her and hers: "These people will ruin us."

What unchained the Revolution in 1789 was the financial collapse of France. The country con-

fronted national bankruptcy, a condition which became yearly more hopeless due to all the antiquated follies and abuses dear to the conservative French heart, due also to all sorts of reckless inefficiencies, expenditures and sheer waste. Everything called for retrenchment, reform and the creation of a sensible constitution by the representatives of the whole nation. The latter had a good opportunity to air their grievances and those of their constituents in the National Assembly which convened at Versailles in May, 1789, and after assisting like the body of good French conformists it was at the Mass of the Holy Spirit, got seriously down to the work of formulating the new constitution. In the meantime, it may be said, the country was not rendered any more prosperous by these fine preliminaries. The promulgation of the Rights of Man did not, as by a miracle, produce foodstuffs nor fill the empty treasury. There was only one French corporation which, to all appearances, was pretty well off, and this was the Catholic Church.

At first glance the Church seemed to have nothing to fear from the general overturn. The mass of the parish clergy, the *curés,* miserably paid, and living so close to the peasant that they shared in a measure the latter's grievances, were disposed to support the political revolution. Even the great prelates, imbued as many of them were with

the new spirit, were not generally detested. The clergy remained in this state of nebulous neutrality until a deputy, in the course of argument, let fall the ominous sentence: "The goods of the Church belong to the nation."

Since the ecclesiastical estates were valued at four thousand millions of francs, this suggestion took fire instantly, but discussion of the question was interrupted by the sensational episodes of October 5 and 6, 1789, when a mob of hooligans and fishwives arrived at Versailles and compelled the court and Assembly to remove to Paris. Two days later (October 8) the discussion on church property was resumed. The work of regenerating France had gone to the Assembly's head. Nothing seemed easier than to summon a whole lost Atlantis called the primitive Church from the vasty deeps, and it was not the shadowy Gallican Communion which would wave a wand and bid it disappear. Mirabeau, answering the clergy's objections on the question of property, told them loftily that they could not possess for the simple reason that they did not exist. The ecclesiastics gasped. "Precisely," continued the orator, "moral bodies, such as the Church, created by the State, are not bodies in a proper sense of the word like sentient beings. They have an ideal moral existence conferred by the State, their creator. The State made them and causes them to live." He

might have added that when the State withholds its generating breath, they might die, and a good riddance.

The great anticlericals of the Middle Ages, the Hohenstaufens, and Philip the Fair, doubtless stirred in their tombs at such words, rejoicing to see this day. It had taken about two centuries of spiritual vacuity, accompanied by a frantic toadying to the civil power, to bring the French Church to the point when it could be told with a certain justice that it did not exist.

It must have been pretty clear now to the clergy what they were in for. Dreadful visions of Henry VIII, imitated by the politest people of the world, of dispossession, disestablishment, schism from Rome; of an enforced French patriarchate with its attendant heresies, martyrdoms and horrors, loomed before them. Nothing less, in the actual result, satisfied the idealogues of the Assembly. On July 12, 1790, was promulgated the Civil Constitution of the Clergy. Priests were to be elected to their parishes, and bishops to their dioceses. Both orders were to be paid by the State which offered for the first time to the submerged *curés* a living wage. Clergymen might marry. The convents were suppressed, with the exception of one mother-house to each order; all monks and nuns who withdrew from the religious life received pensions. The whole body of the clergy was compelled to register

their approval of these resolutions by a solemn oath.

The fate of the clergy depended on the Pope. In the autumn Pius VI came out flatly against the Civil Constitution, and a majority of the French clergy was forced into a position of open rebellion against the revolutionary government. In making allegiance to the Civil Constitution a test of national loyalty the Assembly committed the mistake of according a fine opportunity to pose as martyrs to a number of worthless ecclesiastics. When required to take the oath a *curé*, Leclerc, replied simply: "I am a child of the Catholic Church." This was the attitude of the majority, including most of the prelates. Yet, with the doubtful exception of the marriage of priests, there was nothing specifically anti-Catholic in the Civil Constitution. The Archbishop of Narbonne was nearer the truth when he said years later under Napoleon: "We behaved like true noblemen; for it cannot be said of the majority of us that we acted from motives of religion."

From this point things moved quickly. In June, 1791, the King and his family attempted to escape from France. They almost reached the frontier, but were stopped at Varennes in the Argonne and brought back. The Constitutional Monarchy being evidently a farce, a coalition, organized by the emigrant nobles and backed with men and money

by Prussia and Austria, prepared to invade France and restore the old régime. The nation watched with accumulating fear and anger their government weeping with one eye and laughing with the other; their king declaring war with tears on the coalition, his only hope; and their disaffected Church praying night and day for the defeat of the Revolution by enemy arms. From the standpoint of the national defense it was an impossible situation, and on the 10th of August, 1792, it was ended when an organized mob, directed by the Commune or municipal Paris government, stormed the Tuileries and imprisoned the King and his family in the medieval palace of the Templars, still haunted by memories of that tragic and equivocal Order. Martial visits were made to the homes of every one suspected of sympathizing with the foreign invasion, and all well known "aristocrats" and nonjuring priests were arrested and shut up in prisons or in churches converted into prisons, the Abbaye, the Carmes, etc.

In the meanwhile Longwy capitulated to the coalition, followed by the fall of Verdun. The road to Paris appeared open to the enemy. Panic is the cruelest of passions, and on Sunday, the 2nd of September, a mob of professional killers, hired by the Commune, broke into the prisons, and after a primitive species of trial, massacred the inmates, including all the priests on whom they

could lay hands. Any Catholic clergyman who had refused the oath was regarded as a political prisoner, in short a traitor, and killed.

The new Republican Government was organized early in 1793 amid this atmosphere of terror and murder. It consisted of a national legislature called the Convention; a small executive, the Committee of Public Safety, of which Robespierre soon became the tutelary spirit; and the famous Revolutionary Tribunal, with its daily batch of political victims, as a judiciary. The King was executed. The coalition was in course of time hurled back from the frontiers, pursued into its own territories by the banners of the Rights of Man. Until the complete emergence of Robespierre as practical dictator, the real power was the Commune of Paris, which terrorized the city and the national government. It consisted of a set of sanguinary drôles whose heads were completely turned by their awful eminence. The Constituent Assembly had attempted to reorganize religion; the Commune now had a turn at annihilating it altogether. France had never been formally de-Christianized, but due to the fact that a large proportion of the clergy were non-juring and hence out of law, the churches were closed, and the cult was mostly practiced in a subterranean fashion, in catacombs and barns. In the autumn of 1793 the Commune staged an immense costume piece in the Cathedral

of Notre Dame where an actress was enthroned on the high altar as Goddess of Reason to the peal of civic chants with words by Chénier. "The corresponding spectacle at Saint Eustache," says Mercier, the diarist of the Revolution, "offered the vision of a vast tavern. Round the choir stood tables loaded with bottles, sausages, pork-puddings and pastries. The guests flowed in and out through all doors; whosoever presented himself took part of the good things; children of eight, girls as well as boys, put hand to plate in sign of Liberty; they drank also of the bottles, and their prompt intoxication created laughter. . . ." "Other mysteries," adds Carlyle, "seemingly of a Paphian character we leave under the veil which appropriately stretches itself along the pillars of the aisles."

On becoming dictator the next year, Robespierre put a stop to these pleasing buffooneries. He had been an ecclesiastical lawyer, brought up as a protégé of the Bishop of Arras, and was hence no enemy of the priests. In the late spring of 1794 he dedicated the Republic to the Supreme Being, by which he meant the somewhat nebulous divinity of his master, Rousseau, and he did his best to spare the Catholic clergy any violent persecution. All this time some remarkable ecclesiastics had continued to sit and legislate in the Convention, the most notable of whom was the Abbé Grégoire who died a bishop under the Empire. Calm in his place,

arrayed in his cassock and violet sash, this noble and public-spirited priest had tried throughout to reconcile the Catholic faith with the somewhat horrifying progress of the Revolution. When the Commune's movement of de-Christianization was in full swing, and "goose Gobel," Republican Archbishop of Paris, together with his cathedral chapter, loudly proclaimed themselves atheists, Grégoire refused to follow them. The government had the good sense to tolerate one Catholic legislator in its midst, saying: "We force no one: let Grégoire consult his conscience." This he always did through four régimes. Years later, under Napoleon, an old man in episcopal dress could occasionally be seen wandering through the abandoned tennis court at Versailles where the first drama of the Revolution had been enacted. Revolution and war had come and gone, the tyranny of the multitude had been succeeded by that of the one, and still the reign of brotherhood had *not* come. This superannuated spectator of so much grandeur, terror and decadence was Grégoire.

The priests did not fare any better for the fall of Robespierre in Thermidor. The Catholic religion could still be practiced only clandestinely. Moreover the fury of Republican anti-clericalism escaped from France, spread over Europe and attacked the Papacy. An army left by Bonaparte, who was then in Egypt, invaded the Hapsburg pos-

sessions in Italy, lit their pipes from altar-candles and imprisoned the Pope in his own palace. Pius VI implored his enemies to let him die where he had lived, but they replied that he could die anywhere. They tore the ring of Peter from his trembling hand, took him to France, where he died miserably the 14th of August, 1799.

It was finished then, the Church instituted by the Son of God, watered by the blood of martyrs and Apostles, the religion of the Empire, the triumphant theocracy of Gregory and Innocent, the papal super-state of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. Already shaken by the Protestant revolt, it had gone down in blood and ruin before a handful of men in tricolored sashes. The chain had snapped off at its weakest link. The particular Church which had knelt before the government of the Sun-King, and had bent still lower to the government of a prostitute, had slain itself at the feet of the gentlemen of '93. And the prince of bishops, he who had always resisted the absolute State, whether it called itself Frederick or Philip, Henry or Elizabeth, Louis or Ninety-Three or even "the Little Corporal," had fallen with his brethren.

Yet all was not lost. "The future of Rome," said an acute observer, Count von Moltke, "does not depend on Rome itself, but on the direction which religion will take in other countries." In other continents, he should have added. In 1783

"the greatest birth of time" had already attained its consummation. The creation of a new state of vast size, of a scope for political and religious experiment no less vast, provided a saving plank for the institution which seemed to be drowning as the eighteenth century ended. In America, the Catholic Church was free of its old enemy—the absolute State—and there in the person of the Calverts it had already atoned for centuries of intolerance by the first charter of religious toleration. In the American Republic, the State was the people, and the State was never to be lord of the Church. Moreover, since the people were of different religions—Catholic, Anglican, Calvinist, Jew—a single creed could never come to inform and dominate the State. The slate was clean, and the new nation was built up under God upon disestablishment, Cavour's "free Church in a free State," a principle embodied in the first amendment to the Constitution. In this Republic, officially non-sectarian and atmospherically Calvinist, the Catholic Church was destined to prosper as she had never prospered in any European country of Catholic stock since the Middle Ages.

But in Europe everything seemed over. For nearly a year after the capture of Pius VI the Church was without a head. In France it was outlawed. The noblest edifices from the Gothic period were closed, or turned into Masonic lodges and

banks. In Rome the tricolored flag floated from the top of Sant' Angelo. In England Catholicism had apparently dived underground forever, save for the presence of exiled French ecclesiastics living on Anglican alms. In 1799 there was not one public man who would have ventured to say that the Catholic religion was not a lost cause, a faith as extinct as that of the Manichees. This time the milk-white hind seemed definitely dead.

Modern Times

[1800-1918]

CHAPTER XXIII

ROMANTICISM

In the first year of the nineteenth century, a stately little gentleman might have been seen brushing his teeth each morning at the windows of his lodging, No. 27 rue Saint Dominque. On the dressing-table lay the proofs of his last book which bore the title: *The Genius of Christianity*. The name of this imposing little man was the Vicomte René de Chateaubriand, popular author of some brilliant political tracts and a couple of flamboyant romances dealing with the noble redskins of the Iroquois. In literary histories he is known as the father of Romanticism.

There is no occasion here to deal in detail with M. de Chateaubriand's book. It has been called epoch-making, but it was rather the epoch which made it. It appeared on Easter Sunday, 1802, the same day that a solemn Te Deum was chanted at Notre Dame in thanksgiving for the Concordat re-establishing the Catholic Church in France and concluded with the Pope by the head of the French government, the First Consul, Napoleon Bonaparte.

Napoleon had need of the Pope and the Church, and was exerting every effort to popularize religion, and incidentally himself as its restorer. Never then did a work on Christianity appear under happier conditions of publicity. "Chateaubriand was able to consider himself with Bonaparte as the restorer of the true faith, and he did not fail to say so."

The Genius of Christianity struck the tone of nineteenth century Catholicism, a phase which coincided with the literary movement called Romanticism, also inaugurated by Chateaubriand. There is no need to analyze profoundly this great Christian apologist; a few phrases picked at random suffice to give the atmosphere. When the author speaks of the dogmatic mysteries of the faith, the Trinity for example, he is priceless. . . . "The Trinity was perhaps known to the Egyptians . . . Plato seems conversant with this dogma. . . . One is able to discover traces of it in the fables of Greek mythology, notably in *the three Graces*. . . ."

As for the Redemption, it is "touching." The Sacrament of the Real Presence is invested with a "charming" pomp. Elsewhere he emphasizes the influence of the Church upon the arts, on music, painting, architecture, and is the first of his time to mention the despised Gothic churches with admiration, thus preparing a profitable theme for

the neo-Christians who succeeded him. To sum up, the author is anxious to disassociate himself from the mere brute faith of the charcoal-burner, and is equally anxious to impress the men of taste and amateurs of style penetrated with the Voltairian tradition, for whom he is writing. His apologia is an appeal to the poetic sense, the imaginative instinct, and his method is to hand out amusing erudition, images, metaphors, descriptions, phrases in a word. Thus he is, in a way, responsible for the modern Catholicism of snobbism and the drawing-room which is an odious thing; he has also produced, even in the Christian pulpit, the literary tone, the Paulist tone, and similar bad tones; in short, he has produced Catholic Romanticism.

What is Romanticism in a Catholic sense? Briefly, it may be described as religious sentiment without faith. It consists in comprehending, respecting and sensuously enjoying, for their stimulating effects, their plastic beauty or their social utility, the dogmas which, at heart, one has ceased to believe. I do not know why I have limited this phenomenon to the nineteenth century as if it had ceased to exist in the twentieth. The presence of MM. Maurras and de Montherlant, of "ritualism" and the Gothic Quest, of Chesterton and Belloc, of Catholic dilettantism and Catholic pragmatism generally in our midst, attest that it is a

spirit which is still active. To-day we have two groups of Catholics—the multitude calling itself "the faithful," and the Romantics. The latter are Catholic, either because that religion seems to "work" in a social sense, or more often because it titillates their sentimentality. Both types seem equally resentful of criticism and new ideas, even of old ones when the latter have the air of novelty. And, as a result of this nullity, based either on ignorance or on the intellectual suicide known as pragmatism, the Catholic world has produced no art worth mentioning since the Reformation. The genius of art has so completely abandoned the Church in our time that even its authentic liturgy and its matchless music are everywhere scamped and mistreated. Pulpit dialogues, popular devotions and similar catch-penny tricks, borrowed from the Protestants, have replaced in this country the liturgical glories of the missal and breviary, and not even an encyclical of the late Pius X could restore Gregorian chant to anything like its proper place in a Church which prefers to vamp out its services with opera tunes and sweet-stuff.

The neo-Catholic spirit operated in various ways in different countries during the first half of the nineteenth century. In France there was a liberal Catholic movement during the thirties led by two laymen, Lamennais and the Count de Montalembert, and by a Dominican, Lacordaire, which

attempted to continue the dream of Grégoire and the Christians of '93, and reconcile the Catholic faith with the democratic revolution. The movement was condemned at Rome; Lamennais left the Church and Lacordaire devoted the remainder of his life to preaching missions and corresponding with his numerous converts.

In England the rage for ruins and the romances of Sir Walter Scott penetrated even to the Established Church. We have had no occasion to mention that body since its final establishment by Queen Elizabeth in 1559. Its claim to be, at least a schismatic, and at most, a perfected branch of the Catholic Church, is our only reason for discussing it finally here. By 1833 when the Oxford Movement commenced it had become a thoroughly Protestantized body. Its single surviving link with the Catholic past—the Apostolic Succession of properly consecrated bishops and priests—was scarcely taken very seriously by the portly individuals in magpies and lawn sleeves who were the bishops of the Establishment. In short, the Church of England seemed to be the net result of revolution and compromise; of the necessities of the State; of the peculiar position and temperament of the Virgin Queen. But to Newman and Pusey, founders of the Oxford Movement, it was something very different. It was, to borrow the vocabulary of Mr. Strachey, . . . "a transcendent

manifestation of divine power floating down through the ages; a consecrated priesthood stretching back, through the mystic laying on of hands, to the very Godhead; a whole universe of beings brought into communion with the Eternal by means of wafers." This supernatural and truly Catholic organization, declared the High Church school, had, in the course of time, become enslaved by the civil power, and profoundly withered and corroded by the Protestant spirit. It was the plain duty of Newman and Keble and other bright young men to re-catholicize the English Church, if need be, against its own will; the ultimate result would satisfy at once the Lord and John Bull, and the great shibboleth of that sainted sovereign, Henry VIII, would be realized: Catholicism without Popery.

This, to the best of my knowledge, is the High Church or Anglo-Catholic theory. It has always met with considerable opposition from the large number of Episcopalians on both continents who regard themselves as Protestants and perversely wish to remain so. Nevertheless, in the course of time, the High Church faction has gradually attained an equal, almost a majoritarian, position in the teeth of their unwilling brethren. It has restored one by one various practices of the old faith, such as auricular confession, prayers for the dead, a divine service which, thanks to the restora-

tion of Catholic ceremonial, is practically the Mass in English, and, finally, the monastic life, represented in this country by the Cowley Fathers, the Order of the Holy Cross and by several communities of nuns. In England, at least, it has done good work among the city poor by palliating their drab existence with a romantic and full-blooded religion very superior to the blankets-and-soup nullity of official Anglicanism.

After all, it is delightful to consider oneself in full communion with Ambrose and Augustin, Saint Louis and Francis of Assisi, and at the same time to sniff at the pontifical figure whom all these worthies regarded as Christ's vicegerent on earth The Anglo-Catholics, almost alone among Christian bodies since the Reformation, have been enabled, by historical accident and the force of their own theory, to eat their cake and have it too.

CHAPTER XXIV

ULTRAMONTANISM

THE opinion that religion of some positive sort is the best guarantee of social order was quite popular in government circles during the general reaction which succeeded the fall of Napoleon. Even the hybrid coalition which overthrew him was unwillingly persuaded by the Czar of Russia to call itself the *Holy* Alliance (1815-1830). The "big four" among the powers, only one of whom, Austria, was Catholic, restored to Pius VII Rome and the Papal State which Bonaparte in one of his numerous squabbles with that pontiff had taken away. Orthodox Russia, Lutheran Prussia and Low Church England regarded this restoration with approval. Better that Antichrist should reign over the Seven Hills than the spirit of Ninety-three. It is due in part to this first and remarkable outburst of Christian pragmatism even among non-Catholic powers that the Roman Catholic hierarchy was once more triumphantly restored in Victorian England.

Ever since the religious settlement by Queen Elizabeth in 1559 the English Catholics had suf-

fered from the gravest disabilities. To be sure the more inhuman Penal Laws had become a complete dead letter since the seventeenth century, but before 1828 Catholics were still deprived of English citizenship. In that year and the following they were given the right to vote and to hold office. Toward the middle of the century, the head of the Catholic body, a bulky and genial prelate, Cardinal Wiseman, erroneously supposed to have inspired Browning's "Bishop Bloughram," acting on orders from Rome, divided the English map into dioceses which, to avoid a postal confusion with those of the Establishment, were given new names. This unexpected action on the part of the Papal See did not pass unremarked, either by the English government or the country at large. Queen Victoria uttered, for the twentieth time, the words: "Am I not Queen of England?" while Mr. Gladstone, then rising in fame, displayed his most polysyllabic rhetoric in denouncing the evils of "Vaticanism" and "Roman aggressions." But for all that, the Catholic hierarchy, fortified by some notable conversions at that time from the Anglican fold, became again a visible and recognized fact in English social and religious life.

In the meanwhile, the States of the Church in Italy were in a rather bad way. Brigandage, petty tyranny and bad sanitation flourished to a strikingly inappropriate degree in the patrimony of

Saint Peter, and on the death of the reigning occupant, Gregory XVI in 1846 it was reckoned that there were some 2,000 Romans, either in exile or in prison.

Gregory XVI was succeeded by one of the youngest of his cardinals, a man of amiable disposition and liberal sympathies, who ascended the papal throne as Pius IX. For a moment the Papacy seemed destined to a new era the like of which had not been known since the early medieval days of Alexander III and the patriotic Lombard league against the German Cæsar. The new Pope at once opened the doors of the prisons, issued a liberal constitution to his states, and there were even rumors abroad that he intended to head an Italian confederation to throw off the detested Austrian yoke of Metternich and Francis Joseph. Italy, as everyone knows, had been a "geographical expression" in the beak of the Austrian eagle ever since the fall of Napoleon. Never did the double rôle of the Papacy afflict its possessor with a crueler embarrassment. As an Italian prince and a liberal, Pio Nono doubtless disliked the Austrian supremacy over his native country, but was he not also the father of all Catholics, and was not Austria the foremost Catholic power left in this distracted world? To make war on her would then be tantamount to abdicating the international character of the Papacy which is, in the long run, its greatest

strength. Accordingly he hesitated to act, and his hesitation was fatal to his popularity. The Romans, imbued with the spirit of Mazzini and "young Italy" revolted in '48, and the Pope was forced to flee to Gæta, where he placed himself under the protection of his edifying friend, King Bomba of Naples. In the meantime the French Prince-President, Louis Napoleon, who had his reasons for wishing to please the French Catholics, decided to intervene in the Pope's favor. Two years later Pio Nono returned to Rome, a sadder and a wiser man, escorted by French and Austrian bayonets. All his early liberalism had been shaken out of him by his harrowing experience. In 1867 Victor Emmanuel, King of Sardinia and Piedmont, who had replaced the Pope as the leader of a unified and revolutionary Italy, was master of the peninsula, except for the Papal States where the Pope still reigned, less, as Mr. Strachey puts it, by the grace of God than by the grace of Napoleon III.

This was the Pope's political situation on the eve of the Vatican Council which gave us the formal declaration of Papal Infallibility. In proportion as his temporal power waned, the more this mystic and authoritative old man desired to rule as absolutely as possible over the wills and consciences of men. The great need of the times, in the opinion of the ruling classes at least, was, as I have suggested above, authority, and the latter was most

likely to strike the imaginations of the faithful when embodied vividly in the person of the Pope.

Papal Infallibility was by no means a new idea, but it was a new dogma; in other words, something that was hitherto a pious opinion received the character of a revealed truth which it would be a sin for any Catholic to question. In any case, the Papacy was not in the least afraid of new ideas so long as the latter redounded to its own spiritual prestige. John Henry Newman, a convert from subtle Oxford, had shown the "Ultramontanes" as the party of Infallibility was called, the better way. In his *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine* (1845) he introduced the suggestive idea that the Catholic faith was not revealed in its entirety once and for all by its divine Founder, nor by the Apostles and Doctors who succeeded Him. Many things might, as it were, have been left to the free wills of the faithful to work out for themselves, and among these might there not be that bright hidden jewel in the triple crown—Infallibility. Was not this doctrine obviously implied when Christ enjoined the first pope to "feed his sheep" and to "strengthen his brethren." It might indeed be so, and yet—. Even Newman doubted and drew back, somewhat aghast at the application of his theories in the Italian hands of Pio Nono and the Ultramontanes. He was as alarmed at the unwelcome success of "doctrinal develop-

ment" at Rome as the late Mr. Wilson might have been had he lived to have seen the progress of his doctrine of the rights of small minorities in the Arabian desert and in Egypt. Moreover, the doctrine of development had a double edge and could cut in two ways. Through the enticing door opened by Newman, Papal Infallibility walked in, and the Modernists, headed by M. Loisy, in a very short time walked out.

At this point I cannot resist quoting from Mr. Strachey who has written wittily upon this crisis in the Church's affairs:

"Rome was still the capital of the Papal State; she was not yet the capital of Italy. The last hour of this strange dominion had almost struck. As if she knew her doom was upon her the Eternal City arrayed herself to meet it in all her glory. The whole world seemed to be gathered together within her walls. Her streets were filled with crowned heads and Princes of the Church, great ladies and great theologians, artists and friars, diplomats and newspaper reporters. Seven thousand bishops were there from all the corners of Christendom, and in all the varieties of ecclesiastical magnificence, in falling lace and sweeping purple and flowing violet veils. Cardinals passed, hatted and robed, in their enormous carriages of state like mysterious painted idols. Then there was a sudden hush; the crowd grew thicker and expecta-

tion filled the air. Yes! It was he! He was coming! The Holy Father! But first there appeared, mounted on a white mule and clothed in a magenta mantle, a grave dignitary bearing aloft a silver cross. The golden coach followed, drawn by six horses gorgeously caparisoned, and within the smiling white-haired Pio Nono scattering his benedictions, while the multitude fell on its knees like one man. Such were the daily spectacles of colored pomp and of antique solemnity which dazzled the onlooker into a happy forgetfulness of the reverse side of the Papal dispensation—the nauseating filth of the highways, the cattle stabled in the palaces of the great, and the fever flitting through the ghastly tenements of the poor."*

The Vatican Council, of which all this was the introduction, opened in December, 1869, and lasted eight months. It was the first general Council of the Church to be held since that of Trent, which had opened the Counter Reform of the sixteenth century. Among other minor questions, the following canon of which I shall have more to say, was laid down by the fathers of 1870: "If any one say that it is not possible by the natural light of human reason to acquire a certain knowledge of the One and True God let him be anathema." Toward the end of the deliberations regarding Infallibility, the French government of Napoleon

* Lytton Strachey: Essay on Cardinal Manning.

III, which disliked the impending definition, decided to intervene, but in view of the Franco-Prussian War, which was also impending, the Pope saw that he could afford to laugh at the French government. On July 18, 1870, the Council met for the last time, and Papal Infallibility was defined.

The pope, it was decided, was only infallible when he spoke *ex cathedra* upon a question relating to faith or morals. Thus His Holiness was by definition precluded from stating infallibly that the weather is cool when it is indubitably eighty in the shade. His infallibility does not extend to matters of fact, only to matters of speculation among which religion stands first. The great obscurity in the definition lies in the precise circumstances under which the Pope speaks *ex cathedra*. The general impression among Catholics seems to be that he so speaks when surrounded by a general Council similar to the one of 1870 which accepted him as infallible. If this be the case there is little that is revolutionary in Infallibility.

The next day war was declared between France and Prussia, and a few months later the troops of Victor Emmanuel possessed Rome; the contemporary history of Italy as a national power commenced. The Pope refused to recognize the legality of the new government which deprived him of a temporal power dating from the dark ages. The

Italian government offered him every possible guarantee, but up to date the two powers in Italy are officially unreconciled, and a certain type of Catholic still likes to describe the Pope as "the *prisoner* of the Vatican."

CHAPTER XXV

MODERNISM

Pio Nono was succeeded by a tolerant pope, Leo XIII (1878–1903). Ever since the time of Goethe and Kant, the intellectual leadership of Europe had been passing into the hands of the Germans with their somewhat too pronounced passion for literal exactitude, and this transformation of ideas, directed by the German school, was reflected in the Catholic Church through the movement loosely called Modernism. On one side it was an effort to apply the latest standards of scientific and historical criticism to Christian origins; on another side, it was a vague, up-to-date mysticism, tending to exaggerate Newman's doctrinal development, and to bring the Catholic faith more in alignment with the shifting spirit of the age.

In the second year of his pontificate, Leo XIII elevated Newman to the cardinalate, thus seeming to set a seal of sanction upon the innocent and orthodox begetter of the Modernist spirit. At the same time there was a rumor that the Pope

was on the eve of reconciliation with the Italian government and the House of Savoy, but such rumors were totally unfounded. Leo XIII was quite as convinced as his medieval predecessors that the lost temporal power was essential to the Papacy's moral independence, and his revolutionary tendencies were directed upon countries other than his own. The Triple Alliance of Italy with Germany and Austria, coupled with the influence of his Secretary of State, Cardinal Rampolla, who was pro-French, turned the Pope's attention upon the third Republic, once the ancient kingdom of Clovis and Charlemagne, "the eldest daughter of the Roman Church." He enjoined the French Catholics to abandon their besotted longings after a lost Bourbon monarchy, and to rally to Republican institutions. His encyclicals became increasingly more startling for a Pope, their generally liberal color being ultimately streaked with a pale tinge of contemporary Socialism. Partly under his influence, a Christian Socialist movement sprang up even in non-Catholic countries like Germany and England, where in the latter instance it found harborage under the wing of the High Church party which was being discouraged and even persecuted by the government. The Populists of Italy and the Centrist party of the German Republic are the offspring of this movement.

Leo's pacific policy towards France was ruined

as usual by the behavior of a large proportion of the French Catholics. In December, 1894, an Israelite officer, Major Dreyfus, was condemned for treason. Ever since the disaster of 1870, the Army had been the great pet of all classes in the nation; and it was strangely felt that to revise the Dreyfus trial, on the basis of fresh evidence establishing his innocence, would somehow discredit the army. It is perhaps an exaggeration to say that the entire French Church threw its influence on the scale of injustice, but if this had really been the case, it would have been wholly in keeping with the Gallican tradition. One religious order, the Assumptionists, a gang of commercial monks, reeking with the spirit of the League, did distinguish itself abominably in the campaign to prevent a second trial. The upshot of what was really a reign of terror and almost a civil war, was that Dreyfus was pardoned by President Loubet, and regained his rank in 1906. But the behavior of a sufficiently numerous and odiously noisy body of French Catholics reacted disastrously upon the Church itself. In 1903-1905 under the Radical ministry of M. Combes, a law was passed through the Chambers separating the Church from the State and putting an end to Bonaparte's Concordat of 1802. Another law expelled from France all the contemplative orders and several active ones. Thus the Benedictines,

for instance, who had done so much for what little intellectual activity and liturgical solemnity exists in the French Church paid the penalty for the "*Liguers et moines d'affaires*" who had disgraced their religion during the late affair.

Leo XIII was spared the results of his conciliatory attitude toward the French government. Dying in 1903, he was succeeded by Cardinal Sarto, a man of humble origin and saintly life, who had been Patriarch of Venice and who became Pius X. Saints are occasionally more dangerous for the peace of the Church than are politicians.

In his noble simplicity, his ardor for Catholicism as a religious force and not merely as a system of ecclesiastical politics this Pope was truly exceptional, and seems to belong to some more apostolic period of history than the era which Léon Daudet has named "the stupid nineteenth century." The pronouncements of his predecessor had startled the world because of their clever political coloring; those of Pius X displeased the modern Catholic because they were intrinsically religious, and religious, moreover, in the most supernatural sense. They were not a success. The one on the Communion of children, ordaining that they first receive the Eucharist at the age of seven, caused a truculent flutter of actual disloyalty in France. There the *curés* and bishops had learned to trade on the day

of the "first Communion" like so many janitors on the day of New Year's. First Communion was primarily a social event for the adolescent, his family and his pastors, involving toilettes, presents, candles, cakes, and no end of ribbons and white icing. The Pope's encyclical, which injured so much profitable commerce, was very ill received in a country where every grocery store atheist sends his children to the Sacraments twice in a lifetime because it is an expected social gesture. And the effect of the Pope's *moto proprio* on the ignominy and reform of Church music has had an even more edifying history. This encyclical reads admirably on paper. There were to be no more comic opera tunes in the sanctuary, no more bellowing of athletic basses and female sopranos in a state of heat, no more blasphemies to Almighty God proffered through one of the chief of His arts. But if the reader wishes to know how the encyclical was loyally obeyed he has only to attend divine service in almost any Irish-American church of this country among a people which piques itself on its devotion to the cause of religion and the Holy Father.

Pius X will be remembered as the pope who destroyed Modernism, especially in France. There the leader of the movement, in its rationalist aspect, was the Abbé Loisy, professor of exegesis at the Catholic Institute at Paris. Strongly influenced

by Loisy, a well-known prelate, Monsignor d'Hulst published in 1892 a sensible article in which he proposed to throw over the infallibility of the Old Testament in scientific and historical matters. Leo XIII, who was still reigning, was not the man to trouble the Church for the sake of the Old Testament, and hence paid no attention either to Loisy or to Mgr. d'Hulst. His successor, however, felt in duty bound to crush the whole Modernist movement so far as encyclicals could do it. Loisy had just issued his *Church and the Gospel,* and a perusal of its devastating contents indicated that nothing from the Person of an historic Christ onward was safe from this most uncompromising of ecclesiastical scholars. In the first chapter of this book, I have tried to indicate why the Modernists were, in my opinion, wrong even if the Pope were not altogether right. As for M. Loisy, he was excommunicated, and has continued to teach tranquilly, drawing large crowds to his lectures at the Collége de France.

In condemning the movement which attempted to marry the Catholic faith to the fickle Goddess of Reason, the Church, it might be thought, would have wisely relied upon a philosophy of Catholicism based upon faith and faith alone. But such has not been the case. In 1834 Gregory XVI had condemned, with a zeal equal to that of Pius X, the so called "Fideist" philosophy of an Alsatian

abbé, Baudain, according to which reason is powerless to establish truth, which may be apprehended by faith alone. Nothing could be more authentically Catholic; indeed, Fideism is, stated in philosophic terms, the faith of the multitude, but it swore too much with the spirit of the nineteenth century, the age of Huxley and Matthew Arnold which had made a fetich of reason, and condemned it was. The fathers of the Vatican Council in 1870 sustained the condemnation by pronouncing anathema upon him who said that a certain knowledge of God could not be obtained by reason alone. In short, as Mr. Strachey observes, it became an article of faith that faith is no longer necessary. Time may perhaps show that in condemning the generous human instinct upon which her whole system is based, the Church has shown herself imprudent. Reinach has stated that historical criticism of origins has become such a positive science that the Fideists are wrong to dispense with it. Reinach is a great deal too sure. Historical criticism is, as yet, so little positive that it is powerless to prove so much as the existence of an historic Christ, let alone to *dis*prove it. Historical criticism is similar to that other Goddess of Reason who was never the same two days in succession, who at first the wife of a professor, was replaced on the altar of Notre Dame by an actress. The

Church, in condemning the only possible philosophy of belief, and in continuing to coquette with the will-of-the-wisp called the human reason, might appear to be borrowing the chief weakness of the Modernism which she very rightly condemned.

CHAPTER XXVI

1914

"Soon," says a character in one of Compton Mackenzie's novels, "will come a great war, and everybody will discover it has come either because people are Christians, or because they are not Christians. . . . The reason why the world is so critical of Christianity after nineteen hundred years is that they have expected it from the start to be a social panacea. God has only offered to the individual the opportunity to perfect himself. . . ."

When the war came, it came without warning except for the relatively few on either side who worked for it and prepared it. For the great mass of people, who had the governments they deserved, it seemed like a cruel and incomprehensible overthrow of the universal worship of common sense without God which dominated the nineteenth century. The war was unchained, as everyone knows, by a great Catholic prince, His Apostolic Majesty, Francis Joseph of Austria. Apart from this accident, it had no real religious ramifications. Catholic Austria was allied to Protestant Germany, and

to the Ottoman Empire, which was not even Christian. Atheist France, as her enemies liked to call her, was joined with Protestant England and with Russia, still dominated by the decadent Orthodox Church. Pius X made one desperate attempt to avert the struggle through an appeal to Francis Joseph, but his nuncio at Vienna was not even admitted to that cretinous old despot. Then having witnessed the violation of Belgium and the first raid on Paris by the German army the Pope died and was gathered to his fathers.

His successor, Benedict XV, immediately buried himself in an impenetrable neutrality. Under the circumstances it is difficult to see what else he could have done. The only way he could have stopped the war, or at any rate demoralized it, was to have commanded all Catholics on either side to lay down their arms, and the modern Papacy is not quite courageous enough for that. Besides, the Papacy has never been officially "pacifist"; it has indulged in too many minor wars of its own to take so evangelic a stand. The Pope contented himself with the relief of prisoners, of the deported, etc., but he made no public pronouncement upon the greatest moral disaster of modern times, until the winter of 1916 when he unexpectedly forwarded proposals of peace to that other alleged "pontiff of humanity," the late President Wilson. The latter, who was on the eve of launching his

own nation upon the sea of blood, politely rejected the proposals, and thereafter the Pope preserved a profound and prudent silence. The poor man was severely criticized, as it was, especially by adherents of the Entente, first for keeping silent, and then for having spoken in favor of religion and reason. Even Protestants passionately and quite illogically adjured him to act as umpire always on the condition that he referee on their side. Benedict XV was, to all appearances, a suave and kindly personage, but scarcely any pope, above all one reigning in such a crisis, has bequeathed of himself so negative an impression.

It should have been evident to anyone that Christianity, in any comprehensible sense of the word, had nothing to do with the war, and that those on the side of the Entente who posed as paladins of civilization and the heritage of the Middle Ages against a pagan barbarism were either carried away by martial hysteria or were simply hypocrites. All authentic Christianity had been superseded by a very different passion—that of nationalism or patriotism. The earth was a babel of clamoring churches, all calling upon the one true God, and adjuring their adherents to kill as many of the enemy as possible in His name. As for the heavens they were silent. No one actually knows, for instance, what Christ taught upon the question of war. What he indubitably said was:

"Love one another." If the quintessence of love lies in slaying, blinding, disemboweling one's political enemies, then one can still be a Christian and wage war. If not . . . ? The infallible pope might well have pronounced upon this particular matter of faith and morals, but he refrained.

What is evident is that the more obviously national or Protestant churches made, in the person of many notable representatives, obscene spectacles of themselves from 1914 to 1918, sparing no effort, on either continent, to render their religion as detestable as possible to an already skeptical generation. If Christianity, as a whole, has not been infinitely discredited as a result of the world war it is not the fault of the churches. That of Rome which "blew neither hot nor cold," has, on the whole come out of the torment best, for the sin of Laodicea is not in the same category with the sin of Judas.

After all, it is too early to write with any degree of justice about the war. To do that one must have acquired a philosophy. Until then one remains in the unfortunate position of the Church which, upon this point, had not yet made up its mind.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN AMERICA

During the seventeenth century, Jesuit and Franciscan missions operated in Lower California and along the Great Lakes. But the first Catholic adventure in the New World organized by Englishmen was Maryland, planned by Sir George Calvert, first Lord Baltimore, and executed by his son, Cecil, the second lord. In 1634 they chartered from Charles I a vast estate lying south of the Potomac to its mouth, and established there a small settlement, which they named Saint Mary's in honor of the Blessed Virgin. The object of the colony was to establish, at a prudent distance from Puritan New England, and in the most temperate and delightful zone of climate along the seaboard, a place where Catholics could dwell in peace from any reënforcement of the penal laws which might threaten them at home. Malignant persecution had taught the followers of Lord Baltimore the beauty of tolerance; accordingly, religious toleration for all Christians was one of the foundation-stones of the colony. "Baltimore," says Bancroft, "was the first to make religious freedom the basis

of the State." The province of Maryland in those early days must have enframed an Arcadian existence for men of good will, environed as it was by an impenetrable morass of militant Calvinism and boundless savagery. Catholics cannot but think with tenderness of that simplified and pure existence before the arrival of the industrial revolution, together with factories, teeming towns, commercial strife, noise and all the other beauties of modern civilization. It was at once a copy and an improvement of the old, merry, pre-Reformation England. Once more in an English-speaking land, the burning lights of the old Church streamed out upon the primeval night on the great festivals of the Christian year; and once again the Angelus sounded shyly at the head of the little harbor, and was heard far out upon the bluish waters. Their unhappy coreligionists in England, plagued by Puritan revolution, Puritan rule, Popish panics and no-Popery riots, must have poignantly envied the Maryland Catholics in their patrimony—

Deeper than any yearnings after thee
Seemed those far-rolling, westward-smiling seas.

The American Revolution, separating the colonial churches abruptly from the foundations in the old country, produced the American Catholic hierarchy. In order to cause the American Catholics no embarrassment in their relations with the new government, the Holy See at once appointed

the Reverend John Carroll of Maryland head of the community in the United States, first as prefect apostolic, then as Archbishop of Maryland, the first metropolitan See. In 1820, there were only 244,500 Catholics in these States; in 1906, there were 12,079,142. The main source of this enormous growth was emigration from Ireland, Germany, Canada, Bohemia and Poland. Racial, as much as religious, reasons produced the most organized opposition to Catholicism shortly before the Civil War in the ephemeral "Know Nothing" party, which, in this particular aspect, may be regarded as the ancestor of the Ku-Klux-Klan. The Papacy, ever since 1892, has had an official representative at Washington called the Apostolic Delegate, usually with the rank of archbishop.

The late Cardinal Gibbons was correct in stating that American Catholicism has never produced any important heresies or schisms; it did, however, furnish one original movement which was sufficiently important to be condemned mildly at Rome. This was the movement called "Americanism," "a characteristic glorification of good works, somewhat at the expense of faith," as well as a reaction against too exclusively foreign influences in the American Church. Certain French clerics, with their customary talent for getting the world into trouble, called pontifical attention to "Americanism" and the doings of the

"Yankee Church" in general, and arbitrarily connected with them the name of one, Father Hecker, an American priest, well known in France. I recall the title of one of these anti-American tracts, written with true Gallic gall: *Father Hecker: Should he be called a Saint?*

Isaac Thomas Hecker was of German origin, and had originally been connected with the famous Brook Farm colony at Concord, Massachusetts, which numbered among its associates Thoreau, Bronson Alcott, and for a time, Emerson. Unable to find any ultimate consolation in the mysteries of New England transcendentalism, Hecker became a Catholic, and entered the Redemptorist Order, founded in the eighteenth century by Saint Alphonsus Liguori. His dream was the conversion of his adopted country, by American methods, by priests imbued with the American spirit, and unable to effect this dream among the Redemptorists who were then largely German, he left them and founded, with papal permission, the Congregation of Saint Paul the Apostle, popularly known as the Paulist Fathers. With the aid of the best ecclesiastical architects he could find at that date he erected an imposing church in what was then the hinterland of New York City, above "Hell's Kitchen," near the Hudson waterfront.

The missionary foundations of the new Order spread from ocean to ocean. Their object was two-

fold: the conversion of non-Catholic America by the golden arts of persuasion and example, and the reform of public devotion and Church music. Protestants have always vaguely respected and often envied the liturgical splendors of the Catholic Church at its best; hence the Paulists were wise even from the proselyting standpoint, to concentrate upon producing that best in their public ceremonies. It is certain that many people, Catholic and non-Catholic, recall regretfully the great days at the New York church under the late Superior General, Father Hughes, with their noble services and unadulterated chant. *Sic transit gloria. . . .**

During the ugly period of reaction which succeeded the war, we began to hear about the Ku-Klux-Klan, formed to defend American institutions against alien influences, by which its organizers largely meant Catholic ones. It is difficult to say why one should take seriously an organization bearing such a name, let alone such insignia. That many American Catholics have so taken it, is only another proof of the formidable absence of humor which afflicts the Kelt wherever his religion is concerned. Do these people really imagine that a divinely founded religion nineteen centuries old, the one faith of the west for fourteen hundred

* See the article on the Paulist church of New York by Wilfred Anthony in Christian *Art*, June, 1908.

years, the proud, everlasting Church of countless confessors, apostles, martyrs and holy kings, can be shaken a hair's breadth by the grotesque agitation of a parcel of yokels, rigged out in false noses and bed quilts, and calling themselves Kleagles and Grand Dragons? The Klan would not even merit mention in a serious history were it not that its adherents claim to be defending certain vague American liberties against the Roman menace, whatever that means. No one believes less in clerical interference with liberty than the writer, but one finds that when "the Roman menace" concerns itself with an economic liberty, like birth control, which is none of its business, or with the liberty of literature, which is still less, there is no complaint from the Klan or from any other Protestants of similar mentality? It is only when Catholics manifest the tendency to educate their children in Catholic schools that the Klan emits a loud shriek, followed by cacklings *ad nauseum* about the sacredness of American institutions and the American dislike of a sacerdotal religion, as if the American's opinion mattered tuppence on such a point. Now if there is one liberty which may be considered American, and even fundamental, it is the right of parents to educate their children as they see fit. We are not a country so commodious as Sparta or so rash as Russia that we can venture to take education clean

out of family hands. We have neither the space, nor the equipment, nor above all the mentality, to make such an experiment anything but a vast disaster. If rich people have the right to send their children to costly and useless schools where they learn nothing but sports and social tone, poor Catholics have a still more incontestable right to send their boys and girls to places where they learn something about God and His Truth.

Certain American Catholics try to vindicate their political loyalty which is more than excellent by an over-emphasis which sounds false and is usually unbecoming. There is no sense in being more patriotic than the pope himself. There is no sense in adopting upon a subject like war, for instance, a language which would have revolted Julius II and disgraced the Kaiser's chaplains. Hark, for instance, to the Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Duggan, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Hartford, Connecticut:

"War is not un-Christian. Sometimes it is a Christian duty laid upon us by God and man. It is imposed upon us by the Lord, who is the Author of human society, and by man who is the interpreter of the divine Will. . . ."

So "man" in the person of the Kaiser, the Tsar, the Emperor Francis Joseph, ex-President Poincare and the late Mr. Wilson, is the interpreter of the divine Will, and dissidents from this idea, which would have shocked Luther, are charitably

invited by Mgr. Duggan to betake themselves to the nearest federal cell! The expression of this rank Protestantism in the past, would, it is to be feared, have delivered Mgr. Duggan, not to a federal cell, but to the tender mercies of the Inquisition which had a short way with sycophants. His proper place, after all, is neither in a federal cell nor in a heretic prison, and, above all, not in the violet robe of a superior priest; his proper place is in the Ku-Klux-Klan. Where a Church is in decadence, there are the Kleagles gathered together, inside and out. When a representative of the Catholic Church finds it necessary to beslaver the civil government, and profane the name of God in doing so, one can begin to measure the distance between our time and the true Catholic age when the Church withstood the civil power, and sometimes vanquished it, and always despised it.

And then there is something else. Is it the complex sense of inferiority brought on by a long misunderstanding and stupid hostility; is it the "persecution-mania" inherent in a nation like the Irish, subjected to centuries of injustice, which renders the average American Catholic so self-consciously anxious to disassociate himself from everything frowned on by hypocrites and smut-hounds? Take the present crusade for "purity" in books and the theater, for instance. What in the names of Chaucer and Rabelais do American Catholics

expect to gain by identifying themselves with Censorship, White Lists and all the other current imbecilities in this field? We all know what a really good "Catholic" book is. It is something one wouldn't give a dog to worry, let alone a sensible child to read. And the Dramatic Editor of the *Commonweal* pontificates in his column week after week, with the result that when a current play has the slightest pretension to artistic merit, it fails to pass Mr. Skinner's inspection on the ground that it would not be nice for his youngest daughter (*aet.* 6), and that when a play is completely and abysmally idiotic, it is always guaranteed "clean," whatever that means to a Catholic journalist's peculiar mind. Now I take Mr. Skinner's smugness to be very characteristic of the Church in this country in questions of literature and art. In a reaction from the perilous freedoms of the past, which is half Irish, half puritan and wholly uneducated, it is, at present, in the throes of eunuch worship so far as these questions are concerned. And I will allow myself to call the attention of the adorers of impotence to the fact that, in its age of health, the Church patronized and protected every virile manifestation of art, even when the latter bordered on what Mr. Skinner would call the "unclean." Chaucer, who was a great Catholic poet, composed lines and situations which could not be recited or reproduced upon any

American stage at the present time. Rabelais, who has given his name to a certain type of literature, was no Huguenot, let alone free-thinker; he was a priest of the Catholic Church who said his Mass, no doubt with piety, in his parish church at Meudon. Even Petronius, they tell us, may have been a canonized bishop of Bologna. Beccadelli, whose adaptations of classic *facetiæ* would drive a modern prelate with shame and sorrow to the grave, dedicated them to a cardinal. "Æneus Silvius" wrote indecent comedies; he was also a Pope, one of the better popes. In short, there was a time when Catholic churchmen were also men. I prefer not to say what a lot of them are now. But in conclusion I will quote a sentence of a Catholic writer, Louis Bertrand, author of a life of Saint Augustin, which effectively sums up the present American Catholic attitude toward the arts:

"I claim, without any compromise, the honor of being a Catholic, but it enrages me to see that under the cover of Catholicism, a silly prudery is imposing upon us a literature for namby-pamby little girls, an art without beauty, without manhood and without sincerity."

I have stated what I believe to be a fact, that in the arts the modern Catholic is largely non-productive, and the reason why he is non-productive is that his attitude toward the arts is one of timid-

ity and obscurantism. It would be interesting to analyze the reason for this condition.

The principal reason may be sought in the education given to Catholics when they are children, and the lessons of self-effacement inflicted upon them when they are men. All this produces a consciousness of inferiority, and a half-conscious inferiority is soon developed into a real one.

"You shall not read so-and-so," says the priest in the pulpit, or the fancy Catholic in his little review," he is dangerous. Avoid art galleries; they are filled with nudities. Don't follow this or that scientific course; you will lose your faith. You shall not exert your intelligence in politics; you will be considered a bad American. You shall not. . . . You shall not. . . ."

Fear, inferiority, impotence.

As Huysmans once said, if this system is of a surety insufficient to produce saints, it provides, at any rate, a very fair manufactory of tame geese.

The only trouble with the Catholic Church in this country is that it is rather nervously attempting to be a department of the American Defense Society or the Purity League. No one can read its history without realizing that its true function in this world is something very different. It is an international and everlasting Church, lifted high above our little systems and pruderies, com-

pounded of cackle and conceit. And the temptation is strong to say to all these good people:

"You will long outlive the 'Americanism' of flag flapping and boob-tickling and all the other contemporary Babbitries. At present, you are being assailed by something which cannot be dignified by the name of intolerance, since it is merely congenital imbecility waving a large American flag. Don't play its game or practice its methods. Cultivate the deep Christian gayety of the ages which is called a sense of humor. Don't be bumptious about your religion; be proud of it, which is very different, for one of the fruits of love is a golden silence, and silence is the one unbearable retort to fools."

UNTO THIS LAST

And now what does it all mean? And why have written, as objectively as possible, with more than enough of what is called the critical spirit, the history of a church, of *the* Church?

Bernard Shaw was severely taken to task for tagging his fine play about Joan of Arc with an epilogue, but an enlightened rereading of the epilogue will convince one that he was justified in writing one, and so, I trust, am I. I am concluding this book on the eve of Christmas, the Christian birthday, and no reasonable person will object, if in a book on Christianity there appear finally a little Christian propaganda. Like Botticelli, who painted a great picture introducing at the knees of the Divine Infant a long concourse of shepherds, saints, noble gentlemen and by-gone kings, I cannot resist painting in a little of myself in the corner of the canvas.

For I have tried, up to this point, to make my book simply a picture, or rather a series of pictures; to give away their whole case to the agnostics from the start; to employ all their pet weapons against myself; to state at the outset that the

Church exhibits all the scars of human imperfections, violences and compromises; that Christ for whose sake the Church exists cannot be *proved* even to have lived historically; that nothing can be proved; that the basic axiom of all religion is faith, and nothing but faith.

Faith is only one panel in the triptych of the evangelic virtues; the others are love and hope, and the greatest of these is love. Without it there is no happiness in this world, or the next. Happiness is still as much the staple of what is to be desired as it was in the days of Plato and Epicurus. When we were young we did not consciously feel it to be so; it was our natural element, like the air. Family life, friendship, physical love, the zest for existence itself, were so many delightful avenues by which the soul went out to encounter its future. But time passed; the days drew in about the soul, and presently one became conscious that the admirable pleasures of this world were not enough; and at last the whole being experienced, like a wound, like a new and mysterious malady, the pang of that disinheritance for which there is no name, that loneliness in the midst of a multitude. There was no recourse for the spirit in men and things because the spirit was without love. Nothing is easier than to feel this abomination of desolation planing over scenes even of the most intense revelry:—

And ah to know not while with friends I sit,
And while the purple joy is passed about,
Whether 'tis ampler day divinelier lit,
Or homeless night without.—

I can recall a "pagan" rout years ago in New York City on Christmas Eve. Under galleries groaning with the wit, the beauty and the intelligence of Bohemia, whirled people in various stages of alcoholic felicity, in the most fantastic and outrageous disguises imaginable, dancing, drinking, making love, half-secreted from the fires of the electricity and the eyes of the policemen. These people seemed to represent the aggregate of what America has contributed to the science of the good life. Yet they were not witty nor good to look on, nor certainly happy. As "the purple joy" was more and more passed about, so were the uglier women. Then a little Jew, dressed in a brown gabardine and crowned with paper thorns, mounted a platform and waved over the howling concourse a large cardboard cross. "I am the Light of the World," he cried. . . . I left the hall and went uptown. The air was exquisitely thin and cold; the sky so overjeweled with stars that they seemed to create a special radiance, a supernatural light over the sleeping city. Near the river, the great church of the Paulist Fathers stood open in the night, a shout of treble beauty coming through its doors,

and inside all sweet and garnished, illustrious with lights, expectant of the coming Guest. The long shining procession advanced up the aisle, odorous with incense and balsam, the little choristers, children of the street, were momentarily silent while the men responded in the old carol:

God rest you, gentle children,
May nothing you affright;
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour
Was born on Christmas night!

As the Mass proceeded, its every motion, its every phrase seemed to illuminate the obscure distress in which we are bound to be plunged when we try to live without God, without love. *"Renew thyself,"* cried the children's voices in the *Introit, "Thou art my son; this day have I begotten thee. Why have the heathen raged together, and the people invented inanity? . . ."* After the exultation of the *Gloria* when, in a storm of bells and organs, the full choir proclaimed peace to men of good will, the priest prayed aloud:

O, God who didst make this most sacred night to shine forth with the glory of Him Who is the Light of the World, grant that he who thus revealed to us has made splendid our path on earth, may be forever our joy and our light in heaven.

Then he took bread and wine, fruits of the kindly earth, and having blessed them he said:

> *Because by the mystery of God made flesh, a new light hath risen from Thy Brightness to shine in the eyes of our souls, in order that God being visible, we may be borne upward to the love of things invisible, therefore with angels and archangels, with Thrones and Dominations, with all the array of the heavenly Host, we sing:—*

All the choir, men, adolescents, boys, children, cried out the resurgent chorus of the *Sanctus,* and before its last echo had perished a bell pealed, and the whole assembly, the people in the dim nave, the white-robed choristers, the glistening ministrants fell on their knees, and in the breathless silence, Christ was once more born upon the altar.

It is for Him that men have reared that incomparable fabric of worship which speaks to the senses as no other has ever done. It is for Him that His Church has founded that art which, in default of dates and documents, and often even of sanctity, is her living proof. It is for Him that she has invented those chants which by their balsamic power, their inalienable beauty, disinfect the soul. It is by His virtue that all things good and

beautiful exist and have their being—bread and wine, burning wax and golden flame, the pure and virile smell of pine and fir, the flowerlike faces of children, the soaring of their voices, purity, maternity, brotherhood. . . . And it is not enough that He dwell apart in the absolute of His Perfection, in the incommensurable splendor of His infinity. Love begets love, and He must come down into the city which has forgotten Him and enter into bodies eaten up by the follies and the sorrows of life, and be present in souls bankrupt of all grace.

And even this is not enough. In the ghastly hour when all men have abandoned Him, even his priests; when they have set up obscene and cruel deities in His place, labeled patriotism and country; when all have fled from the accursed frontiers riddled by gas and shell; when boys and men, sacrificed by their vile rulers are thrown up on the hopeless plain like so much fodder for death; when all men have deserted us, He is still there. By the hands of a few faithful priests, expiating in their persons the crime of their Church and His, he comes again upon dismantled altars in ruined churches; He enters once again into young bodies wasted by sin and shaken by fear; He accompanies them even to the last trench; His sweet and everlasting accent penetrates the scream of shells saying: "Lo, I am with you alway even to the

consummation of time"; and He illumines even the shadow of dissolution with an incomparable hope.

What other religion dares to make such an affirmation? What can "justification by faith" or a few consoling words from an army chaplain do to speed a poor dying boy in such a moment beside the priest who brings him his God? In vain they have revolted and apostasized, misled by Catholic abuses, or by their own conceits, falling away like the Jews in the Gospel who murmured: "How can this Man give us His Flesh to eat?" and from that time walked no more with Him. And the end of it all is one great apostasy, one vast rejection, not of this mystery or that dogma, but of Christ Himself, and not all the model settlements and Young Men's Christian Associations in these States will restore him; only our faith, the faith of our fathers. But I do not wish to end on any note of disparagement for others of good will who call and believe themselves Christians. They follow their own lights, and one bad Catholic is worse than ten just men who need no repentance, for he follows a supernatural light, and his aid is greater than theirs. This book began with Jesus, and must end with Him. He is *alpha* and *omega*, the beginning and the end, the first and the last. Like the mother of François Villon in the ballad we know nothing but this, "and in this faith, we wish to live

and die." He can do nothing for those who say "they have need of nothing, and know not that they are wretched and miserable and blind and naked." It is rather with the poor and unpretentious and disinherited of life that He delighted Himself when He was with us in the world; and perhaps also with him who desires to believe, who sees far off the heavenly lights of the Church to which he may never attain, who after all his wanderings has not yet reached home.

EXPLICIT

APPENDIX: ON THE LITURGY

THE Liturgy is the collective name given to the ceremonies of the Catholic Church. There is only one standard liturgy, that of Rome, but the Holy See allows large variations from this standard in the case of Oriental and Uniat Churches, the Græco-Melchites, Maronites, etc. The advantage of a single rite, expressed in a universal language like Latin, is that any Catholic may find the exact worship to which he is accustomed, even if he travel in an eastward direction from Manhattan to Japan. The text of the Liturgy is found principally in two official prayer-books, the Missal, containing the order of the Mass with its variations throughout the year, and the Breviary, containing the other services, and of these last, only Vespers in the late afternoon and Compline at night are, as a rule, publicly performed in the ordinary church.

Of all these services the Mass is, obviously, the central one, since it is the only rite instituted by Christ, and it enframes the miracle by which bread and wine become the elements of His Body and

Blood. It is celebrated once each day before noon by a priest, fasting and in special vestments, before an altar adorned with a crucifix and lighted by two tapers (six at a high mass) but never more. A low Mass in one said. A high, or solemn mass is one chanted to the accompaniment of music and special ceremonial. A pontifical mass is one said or chanted by a bishop. A requiem mass is one said or sung before a burial or on an anniversary for the repose of a soul. A requiem is often terminated by the "Absolution" in which the priest, vested in a black cope, sprinkles the catafalque with holy water and censes it, the action being followed by certain chants and prayers.

Since the solemn form of the Mass is, usually, the only one that concerns the non-Catholic spectator, we may describe it as being formed on six principal parts. It begins with the singing by the choir of three chants, the Introit, the Kyrie and the Gloria, followed by (2) the Prayer of the Sunday or Festival, the reading from one of Saint Paul's Epistles, and the ceremonial chanting of a passage from the Gospels, accompanied by incense and lights, (3) the chanting of the Nicene Creed by the choir, (4) the Offertory in which the bread and wine are brought up to the altar and the latter is perfumed with incense in preparation for their consecration, (5) the Canon, or Consecration, of

these elements which is the climax of the rite, signified to the assistants by the elevation of the Host and Chalice and the ringing of a bell. The Canon terminates in the Lord's Prayer, the Kiss of Peace and the Communion of priest and people, that is, their reception of the consecrated Bread and Wine. In the Roman Church the Host alone is administered to the people. Sixth, and last, there is the conclusion of the rite, consisting of another prayer called the Post-Communion, the Dismissal and a benediction from the priest at the altar.

This extremely simple and impressive act of worship differs utterly by its sacrificial and sacramental character from the services of the various Protestant sects, but Episcopalians, at least, should have no difficulty in following intelligently a ceremony so very similar to their own Communion Service. Thanks to the liturgical tact of the English reformers, the Anglican rite of Communion is a partial adaptation of the Roman Mass.

In the Catholic Church, the liturgical year, beginning with Advent in December, is varied throughout by the occurrence of certain commemorative festivals and holydays, ranged in different degrees of importance: (1) Feasts of our Lord, such as Christmas, the Circumcision, Easter, Corpus Christi, the Sacred Heart, (2) of our Lady,

like Candlemas, the Annunciation, the Assumption, the Rosary, (3) of Apostles, Martyrs and Confessors of the Church. The colors of vestments, hangings, etc., vary symbolically with these seasons and days, white signifying a feast of our Lord or our Lady, red that of a martyr, violet the two penitential seasons of Advent and Lent, and green the days of midsummer and early autumn dedicated to the Trinity with which the Church year comes to a close.

For the various psalms, chants, canticles and hymns employed in the Mass or the Divine Office, the Church has provided a magnificent fund of melodies, called collectively Gregorian Chant from the name of Saint Gregory the Great (590–604) the Pope believed to have first edited them. The authorship of these melodies is quite unknown; "the true composer of plain chant," said Huysmans in a burst of enthusiasm, "is God, the Holy Spirit." Modern settings to the chants proscribed for the Liturgy are, however, permitted by the Holy See so long as they are sufficiently devotional in character. An encyclical of the late Pius X laid down the rules governing composition for the sanctuary on the part of modern musicians. It must respect the text, and refrain from using it as a peg on which to hang musical inventions full of impertinent devices borrowed from the theater

and concert hall. Among composers who have written for the Church in more or less the requisite spirit are Palestrina and his school, Arcadelt, César Franck, Gounod, Elgar, and others too numerous to mention.*

* Probably the two best prayer-books for the Catholic layman or the non-Catholic church-goer are *The Roman Missal* and *The Day Hours of the Church,* both edited by the Benedictine nuns of Stanbrook in Worcestershire (New York, P. J. Kenedy and Sons).

GLOSSARY OF ECCLESIASTICAL TERMS

ABBESS: The superior of a community of nuns. Next in rank comes the Prioress.

ABBOT: The superior of a community of men. The Prior comes next in rank.

ADVENT: Opening period of the Christian year, including the four Sundays before Christmas.

ANGELS: Spiritual beings created by God in an ordered hierarchy.

ANGLICANISM: The religion of the Episcopal Church of England since its final secession from the Papal authority in 1559. In the United States it is called the Protestant Episcopal Church.

APOSTLES' CREED (Roman Symbol): The earliest and most accepted statement of Christian belief.

APOSTOLIC DELEGATE: The Pope's representative in the United States.

APOSTOLIC SUCCESSION: The unbroken continuity in the powers of bishops and priests inherited from the Apostles through the Sacrament of Orders.

ARCHBISHOP (Metropolitan): The difference between a bishop and an archbishop is purely administrative. His field of jurisdiction contains several bishoprics and corresponds to the Roman province.

ASSUMPTION: A belief that the Virgin Mother of Christ on her death was at once transported or "assumed" into eternal life with God. The 15th of August is the festival commemorating this event.

BAPTISM: The Sacrament of initiation into the Church by means of water purifying from original sin.

BENEDICTINES: The oldest surviving order of monks in the Church, founded by St. Benedict about 529. It reformed itself several times under the names of Cluniac, Cistercian and Trappist. The official name is the Order of St. Benedict (O.S.B.).

BENEDICTION: A brief devotion in which the Host, or consecrated Bread, is enshrined for adoration and then lifted in a sign of the cross over the people, signifying that Christ Himself in a sacramental form is blessing them.

BISHOP: The highest spiritual entity in the Catholic ecclesiastical system except the Pope, who himself is Bishop of Rome. The sacramental powers of a bishop are to consecrate other bishops, ordain priests and confirm children. His field of jurisdiction is the see or diocese, originally coterminous with a Roman district.

CALIPH: The successor of Mohammed and head of the Mohammedan Church. His capital was originally Bagdad on the Tigris in Mesopotamia and his political powers were shared by two other Moslem princes, the Sultan of Egypt and the Emir of Cordoba in Spain.

CALVINISM: The second flight of sixteenth century Protestantism. A system of doctrine and church government first formulated by Calvin, which had different names in different countries. Thus in England, Scotland and America it was Presbyterian, in France Huguenot, in Holland and Germany, Reformed, etc.

CANON: (1) The Prayer of Consecration in the Mass, (2) a piece of Church legislation, (3) one of a group of priests connected with a cathedral.

CANONICAL HOURS (Divine Office): A set of eight short services to be said daily by all priests and corporately in monastic houses. They are in their order Matins, Lauds, Prime, Terce, Sext, None, Vespers and Compline.

CANONIZATION: The papal act of declaring a saint.

CARDINAL: Originally the pastor of one of the primitive churches of Rome, now appointed by the Pope to be a member of his executive. The title, though the highest papal honor obtainable, is purely administrative and does not imply any spiritual superiority to other bishops.

CATHEDRAL: The principal church of a diocese where the bishop has his *cathedra* or chair.

CHAPTER: Collective name for the clergy of a cathedral or the members of a monastic house.

COMMUNION: The act of receiving the consecrated Bread and Wine in the Mass.

CONFIRMATION: The Sacrament conferred by a bishop to strengthen the profession of the Faith.

CORPUS CHRISTI: The Thursday after Trinity Sunday kept as a solemn festival in honor of the Blessed Sacrament.

COUNTER-REFORM (Catholic Reaction): The movement among Catholics commencing with the Council of Trent (ended 1563) to combat Protestantism by an increased energy and austerity in the Catholic Church itself.

CURIA: The whole college of cardinals composing the papal court.

DARK AGES: A period of European history dating from the break-up of the Roman Empire by the barbarian invasions and ending with the emergence in the eleventh century of the new energies and culture called medieval.

DEACON: The lowest among the three major orders in the Church.

DEAN (Provost): The head or rector of the cathedral clergy or canons under the bishop. In the United States, the Vicar-General.

DOMINICANS: An order of preaching friars founded in the thirteenth century by St. Dominic to combat heresy by education and good example. Their official name is Order of Preachers (O.P.).

EASTER: The Sunday following the full moon of the March equinox and the festival celebrating the resurrection of Christ. It is in a sense parallel to the Pasch or Passover of the Jews.

ECUMENICAL COUNCIL: A general council of the Church held usually to terminate some crisis or to determine a dogma. The first was that of Nicea in 325, the last was the Vatican Council in 1870.

EPISCOPATE: Collective name for the bishops of the Catholic Church.

EUCHARIST: The Real Presence of Christ in the consecrated elements of Bread and Wine.

FRANCISCANS: An order of friars founded by St. Francis of Assisi in 1209 to bring the Gospel to the poor and afflicted. Its official name is the Order of Friars Minor (O.F.M.) and the Capuchin Fathers are an offshoot.

GALLICANISM: Name given to the ruling temper of the Catholic Church in France during the seventeenth century which posed as semi-independent of the Pope's authority.

GOTHIC: Name given to a style of architecture which superseded the Romanesque, is distinguished by the pointed arch and is seen at its best in the thirteenth century cathedrals of France and England.

GRACE: The regenerating influence or endowment communicated to the soul by God.

GUELPH: A member of the medieval faction which supported the temporal power of the Popes in the Italian peninsula as opposed to that of the Holy Roman or German Emperors. Ghibelline was the name of the imperial party.

HEAVEN: The place or condition of eternal reunion with God.

HELL: The place or condition of souls which of their free will have rejected God.

HERESY: The rejection of one or more of Catholic truths as revealed by Christ to the Apostolic Church.

HIGH CHURCHMAN (Anglo-Catholic): An adherent of that party in the English and Episcopal Churches which has retained or revived all or some of the Catholic doctrines with the exception of the papal supremacy.

HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE (the Germanies): A political and territorial federation of central and Teutonic Europe founded by the Frankish King Charlemagne in 800 to replace the old Roman Empire in the West. In the Middle Ages it embraced Germany, Austria and parts of Italy, but the actual rule of the Emperor over his more distant fiefs was very loose and became merely nominal. In 1273 the Empire became hereditary in the Hapsburg family, and it was permanently reduced to Austria by Bonaparte in 1803.

HOLY WEEK: The final week of Lent, kept with special solemnity as a period commemorating Christ's Passion and Death.

HOST (Blessed Sacrament): Name given to the wafer changed by consecration into the Body of Christ.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION: A belief that the Virgin Mary was preserved from original sin in order to be the fitting mother of the God-Man. The 8th of December is kept as the annual festival of this doctrine.

INDULGENCE: A remission of the soul's temporal expiation in Purgatory for sins committed while on earth.

INFALLIBILITY: The doctrine that the Pope when he speaks as the head of the Catholic Church on a question affecting faith or morals cannot err.

INQUISITION (Holy Office): A tribunal for the discovery and prevention of heresy instituted by the Holy See in the thirteenth century. The Roman Inquisition should not be confused with the Spanish one, which, being under political control, was much more cruel.

INTERDICT: The solemn excommunication of a nation, prohibiting the public exercise of religion.

JANSENISM (Port Royal): A faction in the French Church during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, stemming from Jansen, Flemish bishop of Ypres in the Spanish Netherlands (Belgium). Without being Protestant, the Jansenists were influenced by Protestant ideas, and were celebrated for their austerity.

JESUITS: A religious order founded in the sixteenth century by St. Ignatius Loyola to uphold the papal supremacy and combat Protestantism. Suppressed by Pope Clement XIV on the ground that they had outlived their trustworthiness, they were restored by Pius VII after the fall of Napoleon.

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH: The keystone of the Protestant and especially the Lutheran theology to the effect that the soul is saved by a lively faith in the benefits of Christ's Redemption, and hence has no need of the

grace derived from the Sacraments or that derived from good actions.

Last Rites (Viaticum): The Sacraments conferred on a dying person, consisting of Penance, Unction and Holy Communion.

Legate (Nuncio): The Pope's representative in a place other than Rome.

Lent: A period in the Christian year consisting of the forty days preceding Easter, and employed in abstinence in memory of Christ's privations and temptation in the wilderness.

Logos (hypostasis): The expression or incarnation of God, a word applied by Greek theologians to Christ as the visible God or the mediator between God and man.

Manicheism (Catharism; Albigensian Church): A heresy flourishing in the thirteenth century, particularly in the French Midi. It considered matter as the creation of the Evil One who is also the Christian God.

Mass: The principal rite of the Church ordained by Christ to afford the faithful an opportunity to receive and worship bread and wine transubstantiated by the priest's consecration into Christ's Body and Blood.

Middle Ages: A period in European history beginning with the end of the dark ages about the year 1000 and ending with the fall of Constantinople to the Turks in 1453, an event which fully released neo-classic or Renaissance ideals. The medieval ideal was moral unity under the Papacy and it had a noble and typically Catholic culture.

Modernism: A movement in the Catholic Church which came to an head during the first years of our century

in an attempt to apply the current rationalist methods to the Catholic religion.

MONSTRANCE: A sun-shaped vessel in which the Host is set up for adoration at the rite of Benediction. (See Benediction.)

MOSLEM (Mussulman; Saracen): A member of the Mohammedan Church, whether Arab, Turk or Moor.

ORDERS: (1) The several grades or ranks in the original hierarchy of the Church, that is, the bishops, priests and deacons, (2) the Sacrament conferring the specific powers associated with each grade.

ORTHODOX CHURCH (Greek Church; Eastern Church): The Catholic Church in the East, divided from the Western, or Latin, Church since the ninth century, when it seceded over the definition of the Trinity and the papal supremacy.

OXFORD MOVEMENT: A movement in the Episcopal Church of England during the early nineteenth century to turn that body back to Catholicism, exception made for the papal supremacy. The High Church or Anglo-Catholic party in England and the United States is the obvious heir of the Oxford school.

PATRIARCH: The bishop of one of the original centers of Christianity.

PENANCE: The Sacrament popularly called Confession conferring absolution through the priest for sins committed.

PENTECOST (Whitsuntide): A period in the Christian year beginning with Pentecost Sunday fifty days after Easter and commemorating the descent of the Holy Spirit on the heads of the Christian community at Jerusalem.

PLAIN CHANT (Georgian Chant): The traditional music composed anonymously by various hands for those parts of the Liturgy appointed to be sung. Based on a scale other than ours, its melodies seem at first monotonous but actually possess an extraordinary beauty and variety.

POPE (Supreme Pontiff; Holy Father): The Bishop of Rome and supreme ruler of the Catholic Church under Christ.

PRAGMATISM: A modern philosophy which holds that truth is to be measured, not absolutely, but by its practical values and results.

PROTESTANT REFORM (Reformation): A revolt in the sixteenth century on the part of certain European countries of Germanic stock against the papal supremacy and a part or the whole of the Catholic religion.

PRIEST: The unit of the ecclesiastical system who may operate all the Sacraments save Orders and Confirmation.

PURGATORY: The place or condition of departed souls which includes expiation for the sins committed while on earth.

PURITANISM: The religion of the Calvinist party in the Episcopal Church of England during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It was expelled from the English Church on the restoration of the Stuarts in 1660 and emigrated to America, where in the person of several Protestant sects it is very strong to-day.

ROMANESQUE: A noble style of Christian architecture derived from Roman forms and characterized by the rounded arch. It is seen at its best in northern and central Italy.

ROSARY: A series of prayers in honor of the Virgin recited with the aid of a string of beads. This custom was inaugurated by St. Dominic in the thirteenth century and the first Sunday in October is kept as a feast in honor of its introduction.

SACRAMENT: (1) The visible rite, sign or conductor of divine grace to the individual. The four principal Sacraments of the Church are Baptism, Penance, Orders and the Eucharist, (2) the Host.

SACRED HEART: A devotion to the human heart of Jesus, considered as the material organ of His divine love. The ninth day after the feast of Corpus Christi is kept in honor of the Sacred Heart.

SAINT: One who for extraordinary merits is after canonization formally commemorated in the Church's Liturgy and may be invoked by prayer.

SCHISM: Secession from the Papacy and formal separation from communion with the Church.

SIN: An offense against God which may be either deadly or venial.

SOUL: The spiritual substance which is the principle of life in man and is immortal.

SPIRIT (Holy Spirit; Holy Ghost): The third and mysterious Person or Aspect of God.

SUMMA: The standard compendium of Catholic theology and philosophy, written by the Dominican Saint Thomas Aquinas in the thirteenth century.

TEMPORAL POWER: The sovereignty of the popes over Rome and the adjacent States of the Church which they inherited from the fallen Empire and which was guaranteed to them by Charlemagne. It was taken

away when Italy became a united kingdom under the House of Savoy in 1870.

TENEBRAE: The solemn service of Matins and Lauds for the Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of Holy Week, sung in memory of Christ's Passion and Death. (See Canonical Hours.)

TRANSUBSTANTIATION: The Catholic doctrine of the Real Presence of Christ in the Eucharist. A belief that the elements of bread and wine are changed by a miracle unperceived by the senses into the substance of His Body and Blood.

TRINITY: The mystery of three Persons in one God.

ULTRAMONTANISM: The nineteenth century doctrine of the papal supremacy as opposed to ideas tending to make national churches independent of the Pope's authority.

UNCTION: The Sacrament of anointing a sick or dying person with holy oil.

UNIAT: A member of one of the national churches in eastern Europe or the near Orient which are in communion with Rome but are permitted to retain their own rites and usages.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

A.D.

30 Alleged Crucifixion of Jesus.

51 Appearance of Paul.

313 Edict of Milan.

325 Council of Nicea; first "ecumenical" council of the Church.

379 Battle of Adrianople: Beginning of barbarian invasions.

430 Death of Augustin.

476 Fall of Western Empire: beginning of temporal power of the Pope.

526 End of Theodoric's Kingdom at Ravenna; beginning of Dark Ages.

622 The Hegira; beginning of the Mohammedan era.

800 Coronation of Charlemagne: beginning of Holy Roman Empire.

870 Treaty of Mersen; division of Empire into France, Germany and Italy.

970 Secession of France from Holy Roman Empire.

1000 Millennial year: beginning of Middle Ages.

1059 Election of Popes delivered to Cardinals.

1095 The First Crusade.

1198–1216 Pontificate of Innocent III: climax of the Papal Supremacy.

1210 Foundation of Franciscan Order.

1270 The Last Crusade.

1293 Accession of Rudolf of Hapsburg: the Holy Roman Empire becomes Austria.

1300 Jubilee of Boniface VIII.
1305 Beginning of Babylonian Captivity.
1378 Beginning of Great Schism.
1418 Completion of Council of Constance: end of Captivity and Schism.
1517 Appearance of Luther: beginning of Protestant Reformation.
1555 Peace of Augsburg, establishing Protestantism in North Germany.
1559 Act of Supremacy reënforced by Elizabeth separating English Church from Rome.
1563 Completion of Council of Trent: beginning of Counter-Reform.
1570–1587 Persecution of Roman Catholics in England.
1588 Defeat of Spanish Armada.
1648 Peace of Westphalia: end of religious wars.
1773 Suppression of the Jesuits.
1789 Beginning of French Revolution.
1799 Capture of Pius VI by the French.
1802 Concordat of Napoleon and Pius VIII, reëstablishing the Church in France.
1828–1829 Catholic emancipation in England.
1846 Accession of Pius IX.
1870 Proclamation of Papal Infallibility.
1870 End of the Temporal Power.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

General Histories:

A Short History of Christianity. By Salomon Reinach.

Alzog: Manual of Church History.

Histories of Christian Ideas:

Adolph Harnack: History of Dogma.

G. P. Fisher: History of Christian Thought.

On the Historicity of Jesus:

Kalthoff: Was Wissen Wir von Jesus? (Berlin, 1904.)

Benjamin Smith: Ecce Deus. (Jena, 1911.)

Arthur Drews: Die Christusmyth. (Jena, 1911.)

J. M. Robertson: The Historical Jesus. (London, 1916.)

Alfred Loisy: Jésus et la Tradition Evangelique. (Paris, 1910.)

Charles Guignébert: La Problème de Jésus. (Paris, 1914.)

On the Primitive Church; *et seq.*:

Dean Inge: Saint Paul (Outspoken Essays, London, 1920.)

Henri Delafosse: La Quatrième Evangile. (Paris, 1925.)

A. P. Stanley: The Eastern Church.

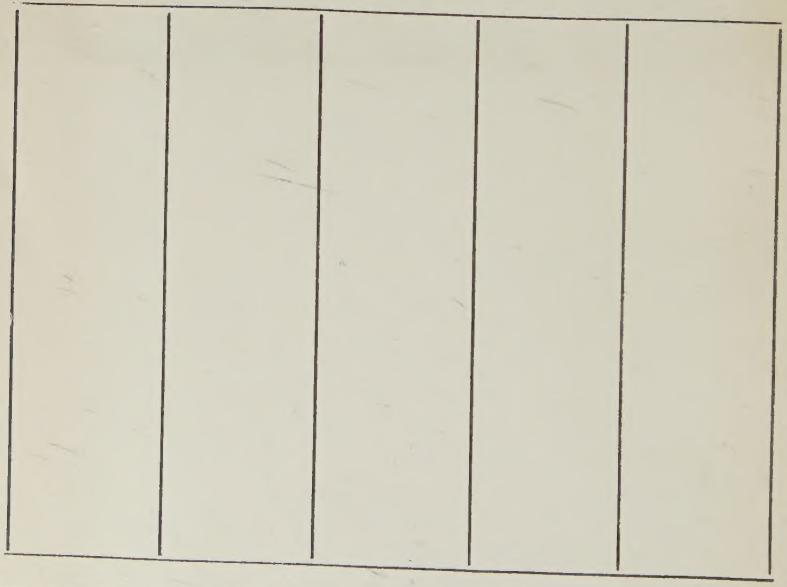
Comte de Montalembert: The Monks of the West.

Ranke: History of the Popes.

Oskar Meyer: England and the Catholic Church.

Mgr. Bernard Ward: The Eve, Dawn and Sequel of Catholic Emancipation in England.

BOOK TO BE RETURNED



282
W948

Wright, Cuthbert
AUTHOR

The story of the Catholic church.
TITLE

282
W948 Wright, Cuthbert
The story of the Catholic church.

20268